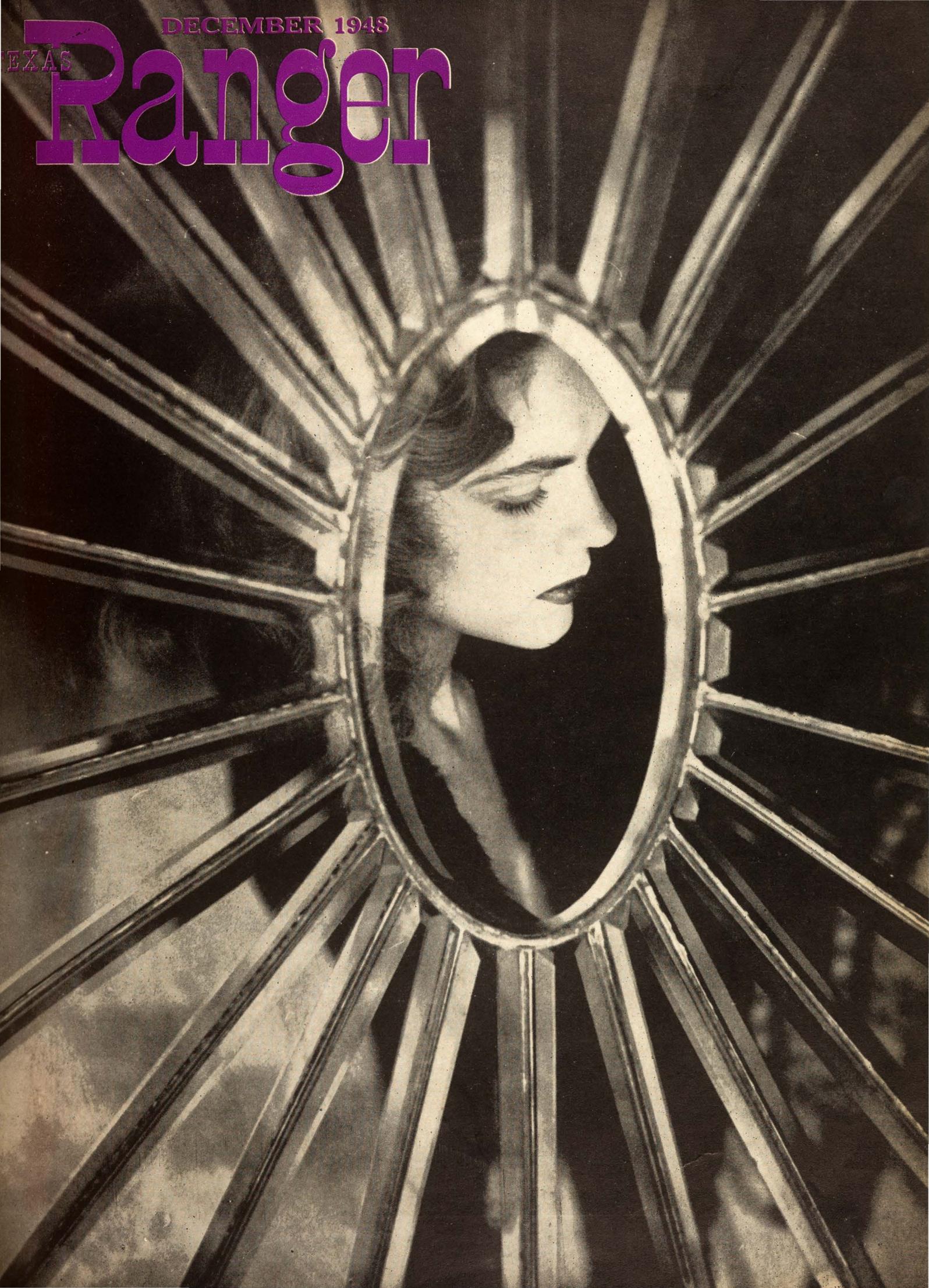


DECEMBER 1948

TEXAS
Ranger



Merry Christmas
for every Smoker



Camel Cigarettes

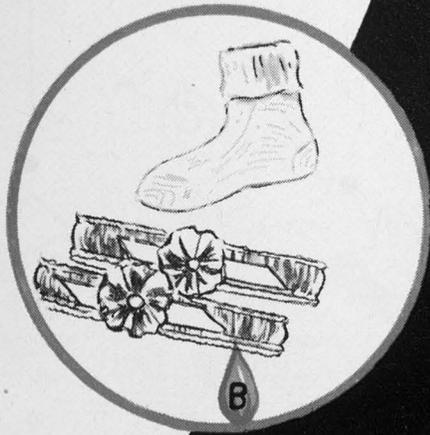
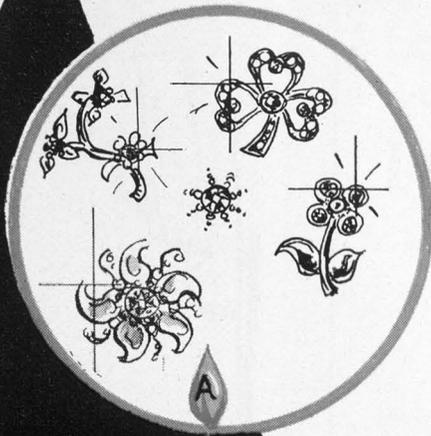
Camels are so mild . . . and so full-flavored . . . they'll give real smoking pleasure to every smoker on your Christmas list. The smart, gay Christmas carton has a gift card built right in — for your personal greeting.



Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco

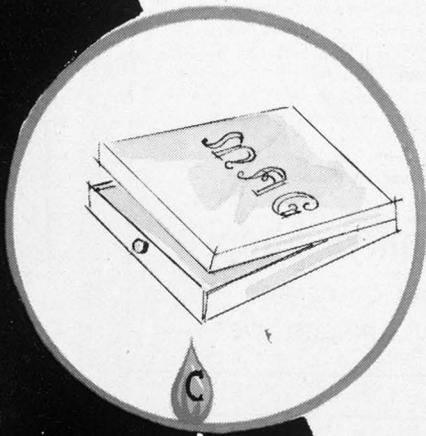
The colorful, Christmas-packaged one-pound tin of Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and those who roll their own cigarettes. Long known as the National Joy Smoke, P. A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

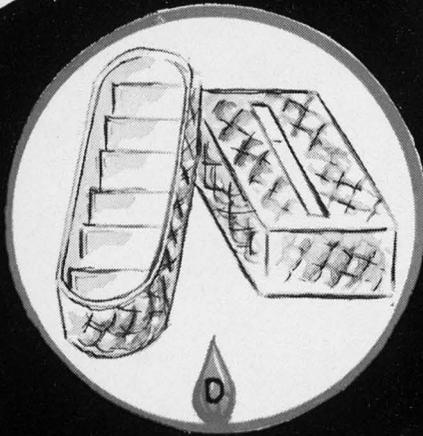


A

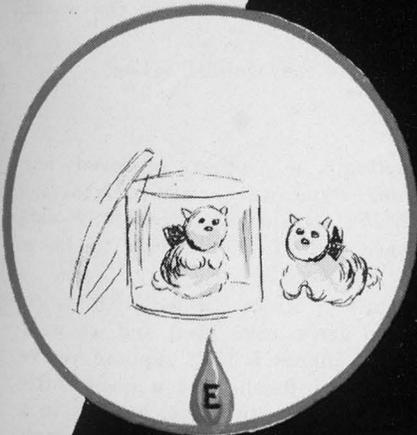
B



C



D



E

- (A) Dainty scatter pins.....1.00
- (B) Luxurious angora socks....2.50
- (B) Gay satin garters.....1.98
- (C) Initial compacts1.00
- (D) Quilted satin boxes.....1.00
- (E) Twin kitten sachets.....1.00

Yaring's



Adaptable Showing of Silver

FROM AN

Antique Scotch Punch Bowl
A Real Sheffield Service and Tray

ON DOWN TO

Modern Services — English and American from \$100.00 up
Serving dishes — single, double, triple. Meat platters and the many smaller accessories, and a complete Punch Service in Paul Revere pattern—including bowl, ladle, tray, twelve cups.

AND

Exclusive historic and contemporary pieces by such workers as TUTTLE, FRANK P. SMITH, and the CELINI CRAFTERS. All of these are Heirloom Silver and will be treasured for generations to come.

Come and and learn how to be a Discriminating Silver Buyer.

Ye Quality Shoppe

1104 COLORADO

HOURS NINE TO FIVE



Birth Announcements of NEW LONGHORNS

Bill Bridges—boy—106 E. 20
Bert L. Gentrys—girl—2209 Quarry
Pat Ryans—girl—1609A Brack. Apts.
Francis Sterles—boy—4408½ Ramsey
Barry Johnsons—girl—1020 Seton
Bruce Youngs—boy—1608A Brack. Apts.
Oscar Hunters—boy—1108F Brack. Apts.
John Narcisos—boy—1902 University
Gleneth Berrys—5106 Ave. F
D. J. Edsons, Jr.—1932A San Antonio
Charles Renauds—girl—802 E. 32
Lucius D. Buntons—girl—2512 Pearl
Hugh Davises—boy—511 E. 42
Sidney Gregorys—boy—719B Robert E. Lee
Tyehill Barnetts—girl—1297B Brack. Apts.
Sammie L. Warrens—boy—1518 B'ton Spgs.
Allan Farlows—girl—604 Harris Ave.
Travis J. Grofts—girl—361A D. Eddy Apts.
Ed. E. Moseleys—girl—1210C Brack. Apts.
E. L. Taylors—girl—715A Robert E. Lee
J. B. Hewells—girl—404E. 34
Geo. W. Engles III—girl—601 W. 14
Jessie F. McMasters—1516B Brack. Apts.
T. M. Gallies—boy—2533 Lake Austin
Guy Ezelles—boy—705 Blanco
Gilbert H. Isenbergs—boy—3400 Lk. Austin

PARENTS PRESENT THIS AD & RECEIVE A GIFT FOR BABY

CHRISTMAS TOYS AND CLEVER GIFTS FOR NEW BABIES

AT

ABC SHOP

Austin's Bazaar for Children
809 W. 12th at West Ave.



"Ladyfinger?"

New Circus Actress: "You know, sir, this is my first job in the circus. You'd better tell me what to do to keep from making mistakes."

Manager: "Well, for one thing, don't ever undress before the bearded lady."
—Sears Roebuck

"Do you mean to tell me," said the judge, "that you murdered that poor old woman for a paltry three dollars?"

"Well, judge, you know how it is. Three bucks here and three bucks there. It soon adds up."—Wall Street Journal

A farmer whose clock had run down was sending his boy to town to get the correct time.

"But Pa, I can't bring the correct time. I have no watch."

"What do you want a watch for? If you can't remember, write it down on a piece of paper."—Leutwylers

"Some of the best cooks in the world are in the Army."

"What are they doing?"—Log

"Darling," a mother reproved her daughter, "you were awfully late last night. I'm afraid I'm dreadfully old-fashioned, but I should like to know where you were."

"Certainly, Mum, I dined with — oh, well, you don't know him; and we went to several places I don't suppose you've been to; and finished at a queer little club — I forget its name, but it's in a cellar somewhere in town. So everything's all right, isn't it, Mums?"

"Of course, darling. It's only that I just like to know."—P.T.A. Weekly

"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"

"Oh, I jest up and feel the wall, an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed."
—Ed Wynn

Stout Lady (at a filling station): "I want some oil."

Attendant: "What kind, heavy?"

Stout Lady: "You impertinent pup!"
Humble Bee

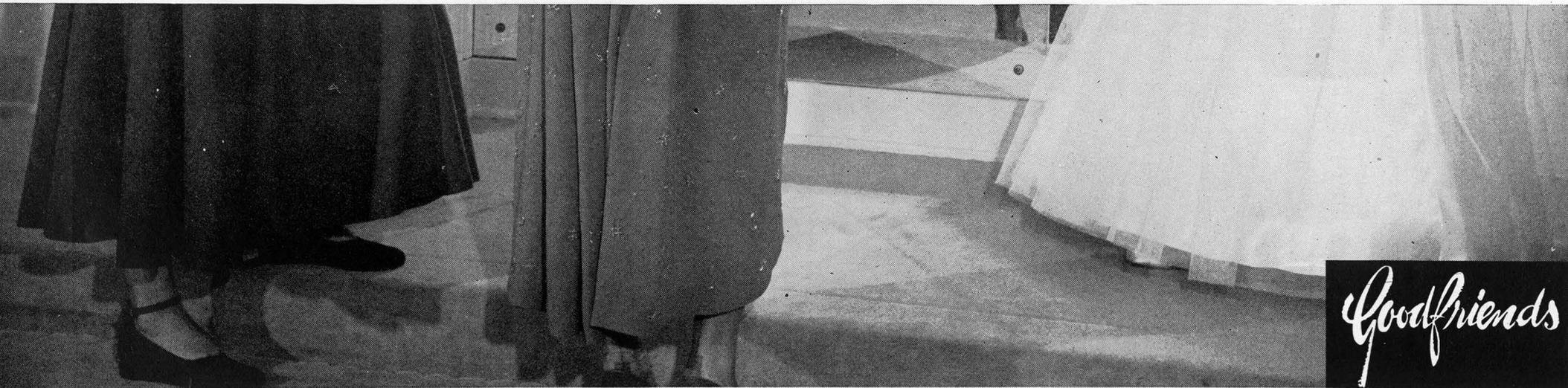
"Drink broke up my home."

"Couldn't you stop it?"

"No, the damn still exploded."—PM



Scene: Christmas Shopping at Goodfriends



Goodfriends

Left to right: Nancy Brown, Doris Wright, and Gracie Villanueva.

Photo by Leon Wilder

There was a man at a bar drinking Martinis. He drank the Martini, ate an olive, ate the glass, and threw the olive stone away. After a couple of these he said to the bartender:

"I bet you think I am crazy, don't you?"

The bartender said: "I sure do. You are throwing away the best part."

"It's not just the work I enjoy," said the taxi driver, "it's the people I run into."—Saroyan

When a treasury clerk found a tax return wherein a bachelor listed one dependent son, he turned it over to the examiner who returned it to the bachelor with the penciled notation:

"This must be a stenographic error."

The bachelor returned the form unchanged with a similar note: "You're telling me."—IBM

Passing a cemetery in the wee hours of the morning, a drunk noticed a sign which read, "Ring the bell for the caretaker." He did just that, and a sleepy-eyed man came to the door.

"What do you want?" asked the man.

"I wanna know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself."—Evelyn Waugh



"Four beers, please."

Testimonial received by a drug concern: "For nine years I was totally deaf, and after using your ear drops for only ten days, I heard from my brother in South Dakota."—Eavesdroppings

A young doctor who had set up practice in a rural district, and whose business was not flourishing, was sitting in his office reading one afternoon when his hired girl appeared at the door.

"Them boys is a-swipin' of the green apples off that tree in the back yard again, sir. Should I drive 'em away?"

The young doctor walked over to the window, considered a moment, and then, leveling his eyes at the servant, replied: "No."—American Medical Journal

In the Ozarks, where water is used only for washing feet, strange ideas prevail as to just what intoxication really is. In a village one Sunday, a man lay in the middle of the street in the broiling sun. "He's drunk, I'd better lock him up," the sheriff said, sympathetically. "No, he ain't drunk," a woman interrupted, "I just seen his fingers move!"

—I. W. Harner

A coed was on a trolley car discussing opera with her friend.

"I just love Carmen," she said.

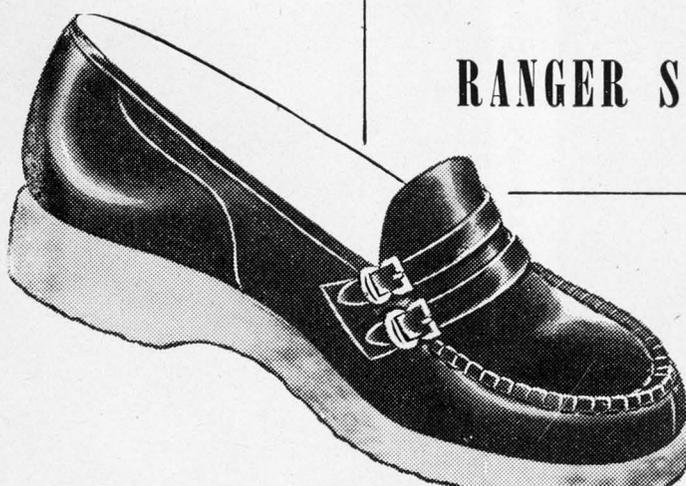
The conductor, who passed by at the moment, blushed a deep red and said, "Try the motorman, Miss; I'm married."

Rita Hayworth

"Yup," said the guide to the wide-eyed travelers, "there has been a couple go up that mountain and never been seen again."

"Gee, what happened to them?"

"Oh, dunno . . . went down the other side, I guess.—Webster



RANGER SPORTS

**Thick as pals . . .
for Going Gals!**

CREPE SOLE
Twin Strap
MOC LOAFER

THICK . . . and long lasting as taffy . . .

Ranger Sports $\frac{3}{4}$ inch crepe sole two-strap moc . . .

In RED, GREEN, NATURAL, BROWN ELK **\$5.95**

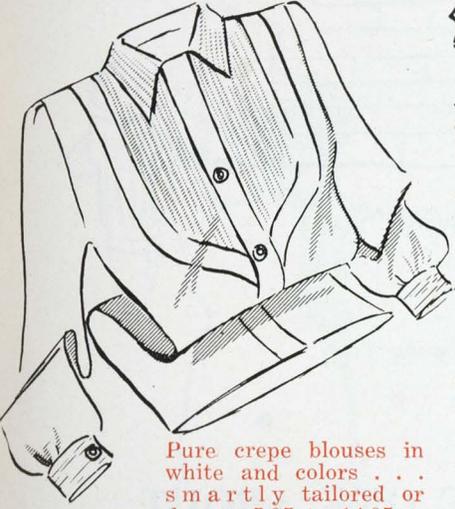
at



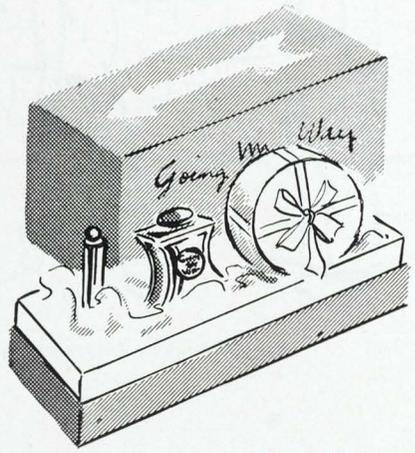
SHOE SALON—Street Floor



You'll find just the right GIFTS on our street floor



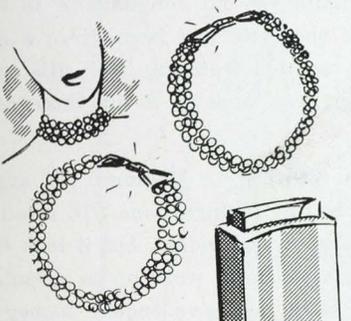
Pure crepe blouses in white and colors . . . smartly tailored or dressy. 5.95 to 14.95.



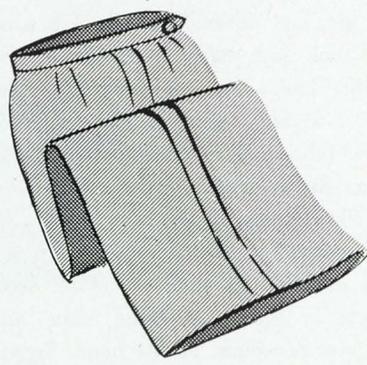
Cosmetic sets, beautifully gift boxed. 2.00 to 12.50, plus tax.



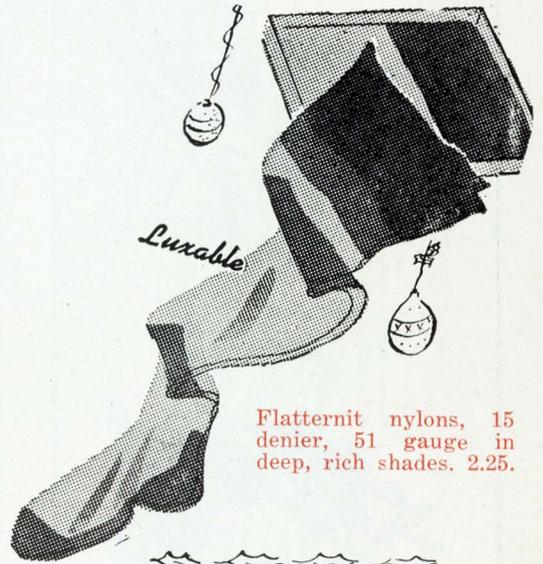
Hand-made glitter evening bags in gold or silver with white. 13.50 plus tax.



Lustrous pearl chokers with rhinestone clasps. 6.00 to 7.00 plus tax. Perfume dispenser by Petite in gold, silver, chrome and pearl. 5.00 to 7.50 no tax.



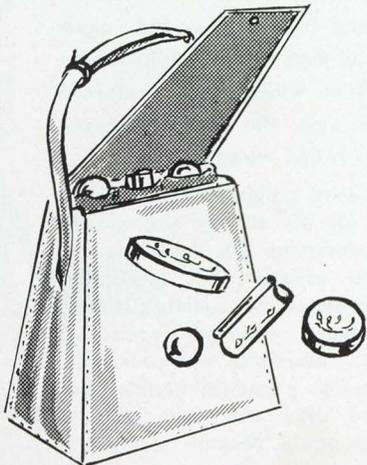
All wool gabardine skirts in black, brown and colors. 8.95 up.



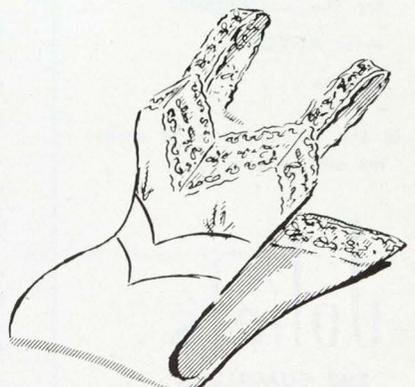
Flatternit nylons, 15 denier, 51 gauge in deep, rich shades. 2.25.



Satin gown with 3 tiered chiffon robe in pink, blue or white. The set, 22.50. From a collection, 17.95 to 39.50.



Fitted make-up handbag by Elmo. 12.50 plus tax. Other kits, 7.50 to 125.00, plus tax.



Crepe or satin slippers by Laros in beautiful "Dawn Nude". Regular, long or tall. 32 to 40. 5.95.

To Find the Right

Gift

for
mother



for
Father



for
Brother,
Sister



for the whole family
—for ANYONE,
anytime . . .

Come in and browse or let us choose
the gift uniquely yours.

Juliet's

2262 GUADALUPE
Phone 6-5253



"I wish to report a peeping Tom."

HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT . . .

AT the age of twelve, an Englishman named John tasted Bavarian butterscotch pie, and never forgot it. His governess took him back to England, but he still had one all-consuming desire . . . to have another piece of that butterscotch pie from Bavaria. He began work as an errand boy for an English bank. Slowly, as the years passed, he was promoted to teller, bookkeeper, assistant cashier, cashier, assistant vice-president in charge of large loans, and finally vice-president of the bank. Scraping together all his savings, he set out once again for Bavaria. World War I broke just as he was out of sight of England, and the ship on which he sailed was sunk. It took John six months to get back to England. He borrowed money for a shave and fresh collar, and began again as errand man for the bank. It was the same job at which he had started twenty years ago, the only difference being he was called errand 'man' now.

The years were moving on, and John concentrated all his efforts and slowly began to be promoted. The depression of '29 halted his advance, but gradually, John was promoted to assistant-teller, teller, bookkeeper, cashier's assistant, cashier, then assistant vice-president. He was allowed to assist the bank's vice-president, and when this man died of old age, John again became vice-president of the bank. The years were beginning to bend his stout back, but his men-

tal prowess remained sound. In 1939, John again set out for Bavaria to find the pie shop. He had been given a six-weeks vacation from the bank. His ship, however, was sunk by a sub three days later.

John returned to England, but again with his life savings gone. He retained his job as vice-president, but it took him five years more to work up to president of the bank and save enough money to think he could make it to Bavaria. Twice his bank was bombed, and once he had to help augment the insurance and dig into his Bavarian savings to re-build the bank.

But in 1948, he was able to try again. At the age of 76, toothless, he set out for Bavaria.

In Bavaria, he found the same butterscotch pie hovel. It had been refurbished and under new management, but the same old chef had been retained.

Leaning heavily on his cane, John eased himself onto the counter stool. In a voice which trembled with emotion and age, he said,

"Could I have a whole Bavarian butterscotch pie, please?"

"I'm sorry," said the manager, "but we're out of butterscotch. Might have some next week."

"Oh, that's all right," John said. "Make it lemon."—RALPH MARKS

Last Minute Christmas

Suggestions . . .

Robes . . . Lingerie . . .

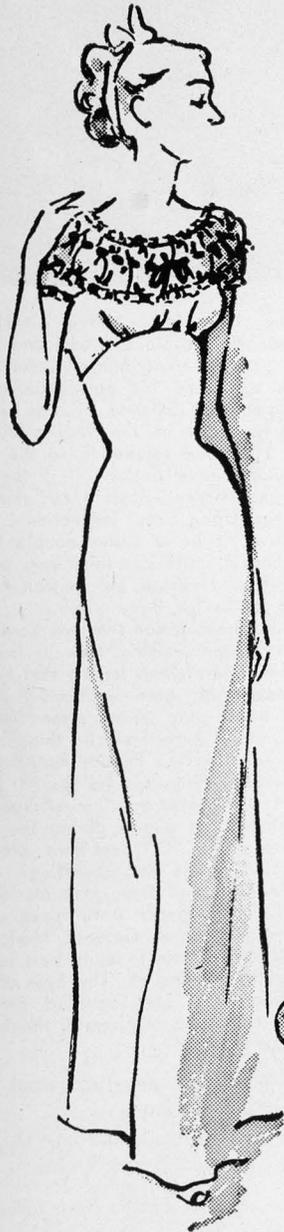
. . . Bedroom Slippers . . . Blouses . . .

Sweaters . . . Colognes . . . Perfumes . . .

Bags . . . Hose . . . Scarves . . .

Jewelry . . . Compacts

No extra charge for gift wrapping



RaeAnn

Use Your Charge Account

If we glance at nothing else on our way through the Dallas News to L'il Abner every morning, we always scan the half-page Neiman-Marcus ads. For us, they have mirrored the steady progress of our state from its sweaty infancy to what it is today.

A recent N-M ad suggests what it takes to make these days happy for some modern Texans.

Laid out in the form of an engagement pad, headed simply "engagements," with the days of the week entered down the left side of the page, the ad begins with Sunday and the note, in a woman's hand, "an afternoon at the symphony . . . supper with the Mitchell's!" Next to this is the drawing of a shoe and Neiman's notation, "the strap booties by Fenwyn in black suede, \$28.95." The inference, of course (in Neiman's well-bred way) is that the lady will need

friends, and found that it's absolutely true. Seems that a young scholar has this semester been enrolled in the ranks of the elite among pedantic folk—Phi Beta Kappa.

Also this semester he has been enrolled with that group with which we feel much more at home. He's on scholastic probation.

We put in a call for this unusual individual and asked him how it happened. He said the reasons were that he (1) decided he wasn't learning anything from books, (2) got interested in politics.

So he just goofed off.

We have also, from time to time, (1) decided we weren't learning anything from books, (2) gotten interested in politics. And been placed on scholastic probation.

But we've never been elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

just about Everything

those shoes for that occasion to be a completely satisfactory one for her.

On Tuesday, lady Texas has noted "the Lauritz Melchoir Concert (formal)." N-M indicates that this affair will require "Evin's brocade pump dyed to match your dress, collared in rhinestones, \$31.95."

Wednesday, the busy lady has a luncheon date with Betsy (bridge), for which, in order to prevent unflattering comment, she will have to have, hints Neiman's, "the platform sling pump, by I. Miller, in black suede, \$22.95."

On Friday, there is "shopping and lunch with Jane." "Palter DeLiso hand-sewn regent pump with carriage heel . . . \$22.95" are correct for tramping the streets, says N-M.

What we'd like to know is, just *who* picked up the check at that luncheon with Jane?

We're waiting, at the time of this writing, for the Neiman ad of the first of the month. We'd suggest, Stanley, a shoe of a rather inconspicuous design, in sack-cloth, ash colored, at a bargain price, for the lady to wear when she presents to her husband a Neiman-Marcus shoe bill for \$106.80.

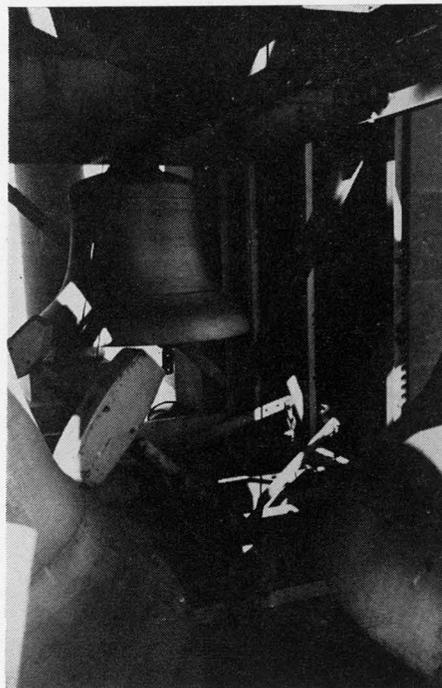
WE think this just about does it. We heard, checked with some of his

"Hey, Joe, aren't the tower chimes pretty?"

"What did you say?"

"I said, aren't the chimes pretty?"

"Sorry, I can't hear you for those damn bells."



THE tower chimes, pealing the University's hours and occasionally clanging out a tune, are a permanent Austin fixture. Opinion as to their usefulness and



● The bass horn above (left) was turned into the Union's Lost and Found by a person calling himself John Smith. Smith explained his possession of the instrument as follows: "I was walking along in front of the Physics Building when I noticed something in the grass. I wouldn't have noticed it if the sun's ray's hadn't glanced off it and shined in my eyes. Upon closer inspection I found the item to be a Cohn double B flat bass horn." Smith is a third year physics major from Houston, has written Ranger cover squibs for three years.

Upon investigation the bass horn player was found walking tour in front of Band Hall, explained lamely that he had overlooked his horn in haste to hear SMU band play swing after SMU-TU game, didn't know how the thing ended up in front of the Physics Building.

Question which piqued Ranger workers: How did bass horn players spell out "Longhorns" at games during the three weeks the vital "O" bass horn remained unclaimed in the Ranger office?

Plans for half-time presentation of bass horn to player were given up at the suggestion of Colonel Hurt, who complained of thin tones in bass section during the playing of "The Eyes of Texas," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," two of the three numbers in the band's repertoire.

beauty is varied, as illustrated by the unlikely story above.

The bells also brought forth this poetic response from J. Frank Dobie:

*"They make no sense. Few idiots do.
From the Greek temple on high, their
chaste
Noises come down like a cuckoo's coo."*

President T. S. Painter's opinion (as has been true in other cases) differs from Dobie's.

"Chimes have always had a religious meaning for Christian people and have usually been located in church towers, in the towers of chapels on college campuses or in special structures.

"When I was a graduate student at Yale," Dr. Painter reminisces, "I lived in a dormitory right across the street from the Chapel which housed a set of chimes. Hymns were played on these early Sunday morning and I came to associate their tones with rest and relaxation."

(Continued on page 32)



THE Marie Antoinette



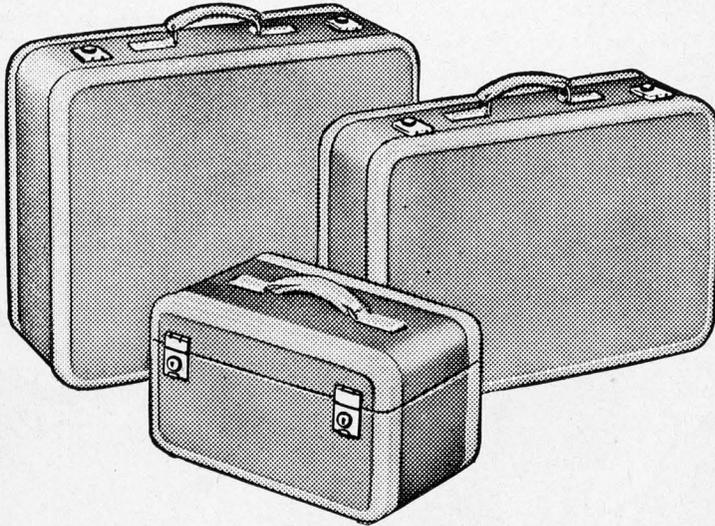
So festive

for formal evenings

Billowy bouffants in holiday white or luscious pastels. Never was our collection so exciting. Various priced 39.95 to 129.95.



**Fun
to Give . . .
A Thrill to Get!**



**nothing like fine luggage
by Hartmann**

Want to please that favorite person with a really perfect gift? Then remember . . . there's no gift more welcome than truly fine luggage—and no luggage more welcome than Hartmann. And everyone knows . . . Hartmann means "the best."

In Regent Square Tan Canvas

Train Case.....	\$32.00
Hat & Shoe Case.....	42.50
Mayfair Wardrobe.....	50.00

SENT PREPAID ANYWHERE IN U.S.A.

ROBT. MUELLER & BROTHER

Fine Luggage and Personal Leather Goods

510 CONGRESS

THE WALL

THERE was the wall, standing not too high, but just high enough not to see over. He pondered, and wondered what such a wall was doing there. It seemed to stretch endlessly north and south, and, most amazing, had no gate. He walked along its perimeter for a space; it was perfectly smooth, and too high to be climbed over, at least at his age or in his condition. He walked and wondered and then walked some more. Before, he had always been able to account for everything. In his world of business every item was documented. But what was this wall doing here? Suddenly he stopped. There was a little niche in the wall some two feet from the ground. Without thinking, as was not usually the case with him, he put his foot into the niche and with an effort, hoisted himself onto the top of the wall.

He had expected to see something from the wall, though he hadn't known exactly what. But there was nothing there. The land stretched out to the east as far as the eye could see. But there was nothing to see. The earth was flat, dry and dusty. Here and there were remnants of some bushes and shrubs that had long been dead. The sky above this strange land was not blue or cloudy. It was just . . . well, it just didn't seem to be there. It was dead white. He was amazed. For once in his life he was utterly astounded. His practical businessman's sense refused to recognize such a sight.

Jumping down from his perch, he began poking about. Here and there he came across articles that might have once been useful, but were now rusted and parched. There was a sling shot. He bent over and picked it up. But as he tried to pull back the elastic, the whole thing crumbled in his hands. A little farther on he came across the ruins of a house. Everything about it was decayed, and the whole structure had fallen

(Continued on page 12)



WEBSTER-CHICAGO



Kodak

Lady Buxton

Revere
CINÉ EQUIPMENT

COLUMBIA
RECORDS

DAZOR

Motorola

PROCTOR
NEVER-LIFT IRON

SMITH-CORONA
PORTABLE
TYPEWRITERS!

Wilson

SHEAFFER'S



NESCO



Eaton's

alfred dunhill
of London

RCA VICTOR

Sunbeam

HURD'S

BRUSHES *by* DELTA

RONSON

HALLMARK



ROBINSON REMINDERS

Parker "51"

GENERAL ELECTRIC



M-G-M RECORDS

Montag's

Buxton

Airguide

You'll find all of these familiar friends and many more at the University Co-Op, 2246 Guadalupe. Your Campus Store Featuring Nationally Advertised Brands.

STROMBERG-CARLSON

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. RECORDS

Remington Rand
THE FIRST NAME IN TYPEWRITERS



KAYWOODIE

Dazey



LINCOLN



MERCURY

*Friendly Service . . .
Convenient and Expert*

- Reasonably priced
- Promptly handled
- Courteously rendered
- Just four blocks from the heart of downtown Austin

HOWARD KUHLMAN

Austin's Exclusive Lincoln-Mercury Dealer

501 WEST SIXTH ST.

PHONE 8-9346

THE WALL

(Continued from page 10)

to the ground. But there was something about the brick and masonry that suggested a once magnificent structure. The ground was hard and the heat was becoming oppressive. He looked about for some water, but all he saw was a depression in the ground in which a stream might once have run. He sat down for a moment on an old stone bench that was crumbling. At his feet he saw a pocket knife, but its blade was twisted and rusted beyond any hope of repair. He sighed and looked back. He was startled at the distance of the wall. It seemed very far away. He got up and hurried towards it, afraid for the moment that he might be trapped in this desolate land.

SOME time later he was back at the odd wall. He found a niche in it, the same as was on the other side, and with one leap was over and down again, back in a familiar land. He sat for a while where he had landed, mopping his perspiring face with his handkerchief. He was now more confused than ever. He could make nothing of his strange experience. It was so different from anything that had ever happened to him. While resting, he was suddenly startled by a shadow. He looked up, and there stood a small boy. He was ten, or eleven at most.

"Hello," said the boy.

"Well, sonny," replied the man, "what are you doing in this strange place?"

"I've come to play here," answered the lad.

The man was at a loss; surely this was no place for a child to play. There were no fields or parks, or other things that pleased boys. There were only some trees and that wall.

"But where do you play?" questioned the befuddled man.

"Why, on the other side of the wall, of course." The boy said it with an air as if everyone played on the other side of the wall. The man sat bolt upright.

Surely, he thought, the boy doesn't mean in that dry, desolate land.

"Show me," said the man.

"Sure."

WITH a hop, skip, and a jump they were back in the land on the other side of the wall.

"But . . .," was all the man could utter.

There before him stretched a paradise; a land of green trees, in which birds were chirping, of fertile ground, and blue sky. They walked on together, at first in silence. The earth beneath their feet was soft, as of green velvet. The air was cool and refreshing and the trees swayed gently in the breeze. They wandered about, the boy running here and there. The man spied something. He bent

(Continued on page 44)



**A Bank DOES Help
Santa!**

What Kind of Santa Claus Will There Be Next Year?

Before University people go dashing off to the hearty greetings of family reunions, jolly tree-trimming parties, last minute gift scrambles, and a morning of happy surprises . . . we want to give you our sincerest wishes for a Merry Christmas

and a Successful New Year.

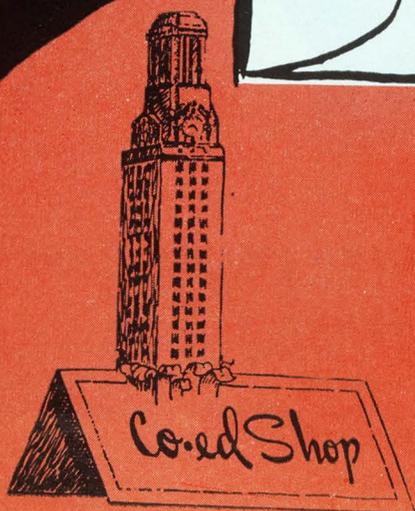
The holiday season is an ideal time to take stock of the future. Thoughtful financial and savings plans now will help insure bountiful successes and happy holidays in the coming year.

THE CAPITAL NATIONAL BANK



A Big Package
Filled With Cheer
MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

— Co-ed Shop —



24th and Guadalupe

the ranger staff wishes you a merry **C***hristmas*

Floyd Wade, Ben Jeffery, Bill Bridges, Bill
Yates, George Warmack, Alice King, John
Bustin, Lynwood Abram, Vernen Liles, C. W.
Nelson, Harrell Lee, Cal Newton, F. R. Moerke,
Bill Logan, Ralph Marks, Rowland Wilson,
Bill Lacy, Ed Miller, Hugh Stevenson



SPECIALIZING

IN

PRINTING AND ENGRAVING



INFORMALS

INVITATIONS

NAPKINS

MATCH FOLDERS

SOCIAL STATIONERY

COMPLETE LINE OF OFFICE SUPPLIES

CARBON PAPER

RIBBONS

DUPLICATOR SUPPLIES

FILING SUPPLIES

FOUNTAIN PENS

FURNITURE

GREETING CARDS

COME IN TODAY

VON BOECKMANN-JONES CO.

STATIONERS — PRINTERS — BOOKBINDERS

110 EAST NINTH ST.

TELEPHONE 2-1163

Ranger

volume 61

number 4

STUDENT MAGAZINE OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JUST ABOUT 8 EVERYTHING

AFTER CHRISTMAS 17 STAY ALIVE

LAUGH 21 ALOUD

HOW TO 23 GO HOME

DECEMBER 26 GIRL

RUN 26 MASCARA

COVER 50 GIRL

POETRY 52 PAGE

Published by Texas Student Publications, Inc.
Editorial Office: Journalism Building 5. Business
and Advertising Offices: Journalism Building
108. Application for second class mailing per-
mit pending at the Post Office, Austin, Texas.
Subscription rate: \$1.50 per year. Single copy:
twenty-five cents.

Printed by Von Boeckmann-Jones Co.,
Austin, Texas

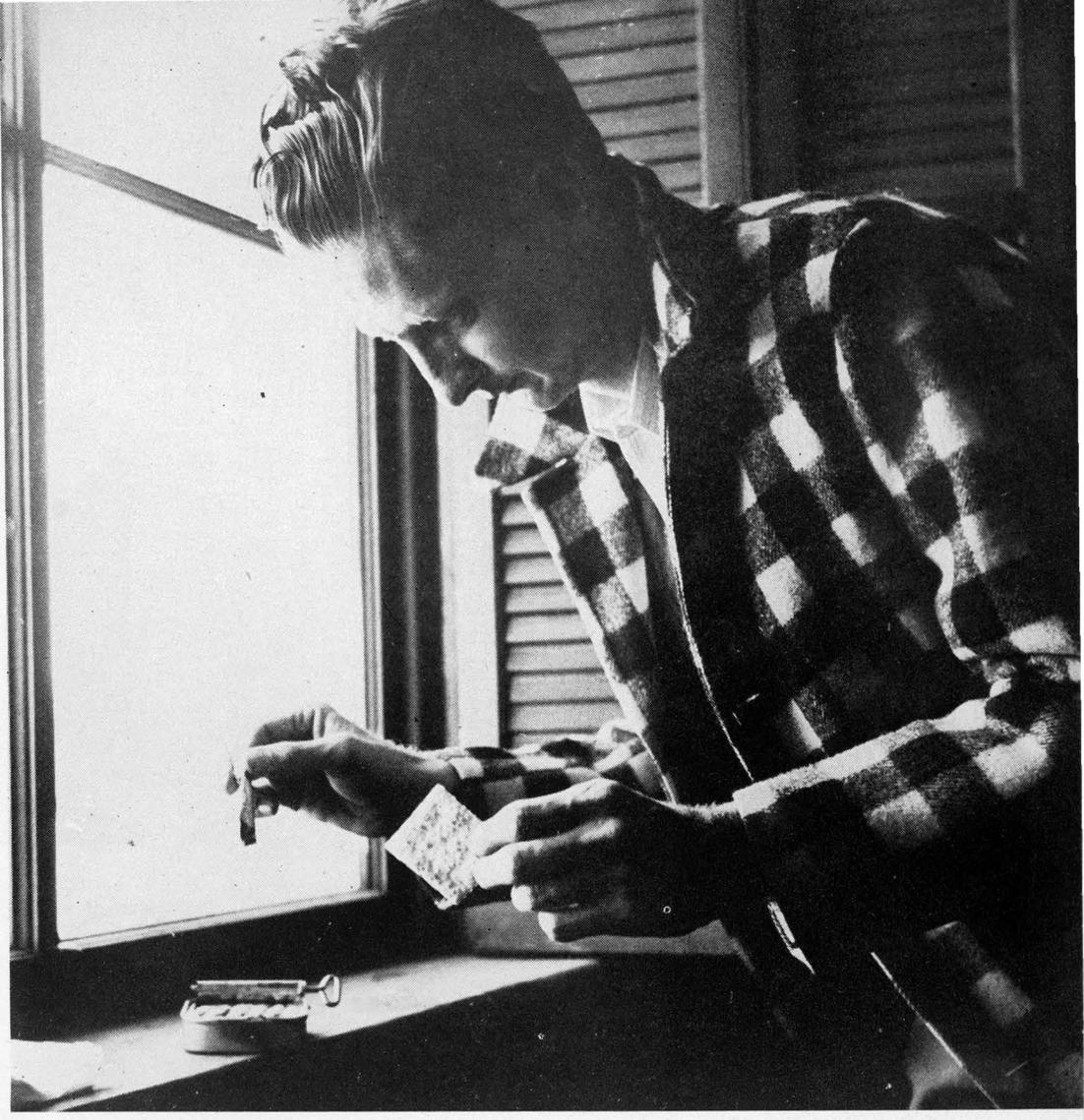
DECEMBER, 1948

**REMEMBER:
AFTER LUSH
DECEMBER
COMES LEAN
JANUARY**

JANUARY third will find portions of the University population dribbling in from over the country, their shirts and blouses spotted with turkey hash, home-style, their bags packed to overflowing with recently acquired surrealistic ties and runny rayon hose—and their pockets and handbags empty of lucre. Or almost empty.

Several scores of freshmen will economize by eating for the first time at the Commons, and then look for another way to economize. Many scores of seniors, who have already eaten once at the Commons (in their freshman years) will quit eating altogether, hold body and soul together with a liquid diet.

Some seniors have been prepar-



Haunted by vision of roast turkey and cranberry sauce, student reflectively makes meal of canned sardines. Cracker is used for chaser, was purloined from table in Commons during student's daily round of Union (see next page).

AFTER CHRISTMAS, STAY ALIVE

ing for the post-Christmas ordeal since September, when they last touched solid food of any type, except pretzels.

For all students, the *Ranger* offers a faint ray of hope for drab January.

Beg or borrow a hot-plate during your visit home. Divest somebody of some simple eating utensils, some simple condiments, and spend the first cold nights of 1949 in with your room-mate. Think of the keen fun the two of you can have popping pop-corn, or toasting marshmallows, or eating ladyfingers (see page 2).

The thing to remember is that money isn't everything. A simple, hearty dish, good companionship, intelligent conversation—you'll be positively amazed at how they will make the hours drag by until the first check comes.

HOW TO COOK WITH ONE BURNER AND NO MONEY

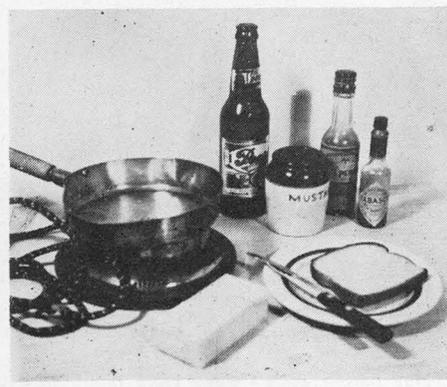
● Welsh rabbit is a simple, satisfying one-burner dish, costs forty cents to make for two, and prepares presently insolvent bedroom chefs for happier days to come when they might have occasion to concoct the same thing, over much more expensive kitchen-ware, such as copper

chafing dishes and alcohol lamps.

Practice now will add a knowing flourish to the preparation of a traditional rabbit when just the right worldly touch might sway a friend to acquiesce, there in the alcohol flame's soft glow.

In either case, all you need is cheese (the inexpensive, quick-melting kind for now), bread for toast, condiments such as mustard, tabasco, and Worcestershire sauce which foresighted collegians provide themselves with when they eat out, and stale beer. The last can be found in some quantity behind any Drag bierstube, if you don't have your own empties to drain.

Dice the cheese, place over low heat with a scant one-fourth cup of stale beer. Stir until the cheese melts and blends smoothly with the beer. Add a dash or two of tabasco, a heaping teaspoonful of mustard, and Worcestershire to taste. Around a teaspoonful should be enough. Serve up on toast. A quarter pound of cheese will make enough rabbit for two hungry people. Cost per person (foresighted): twenty cents.



STAY ALIVE

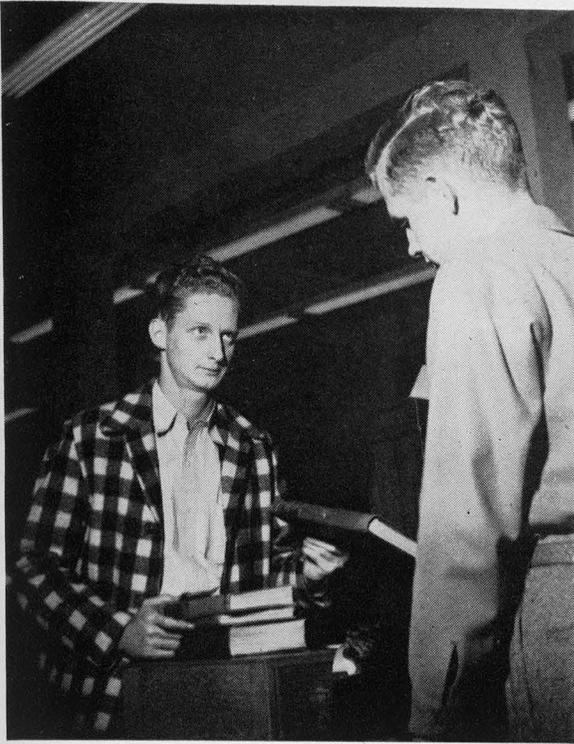
Model: BILL BARNES



Navy career has taught student how to press shirt under mattress. Several Austin laundries have also adopted this economical method of shirt pressing, which they term "student finish."



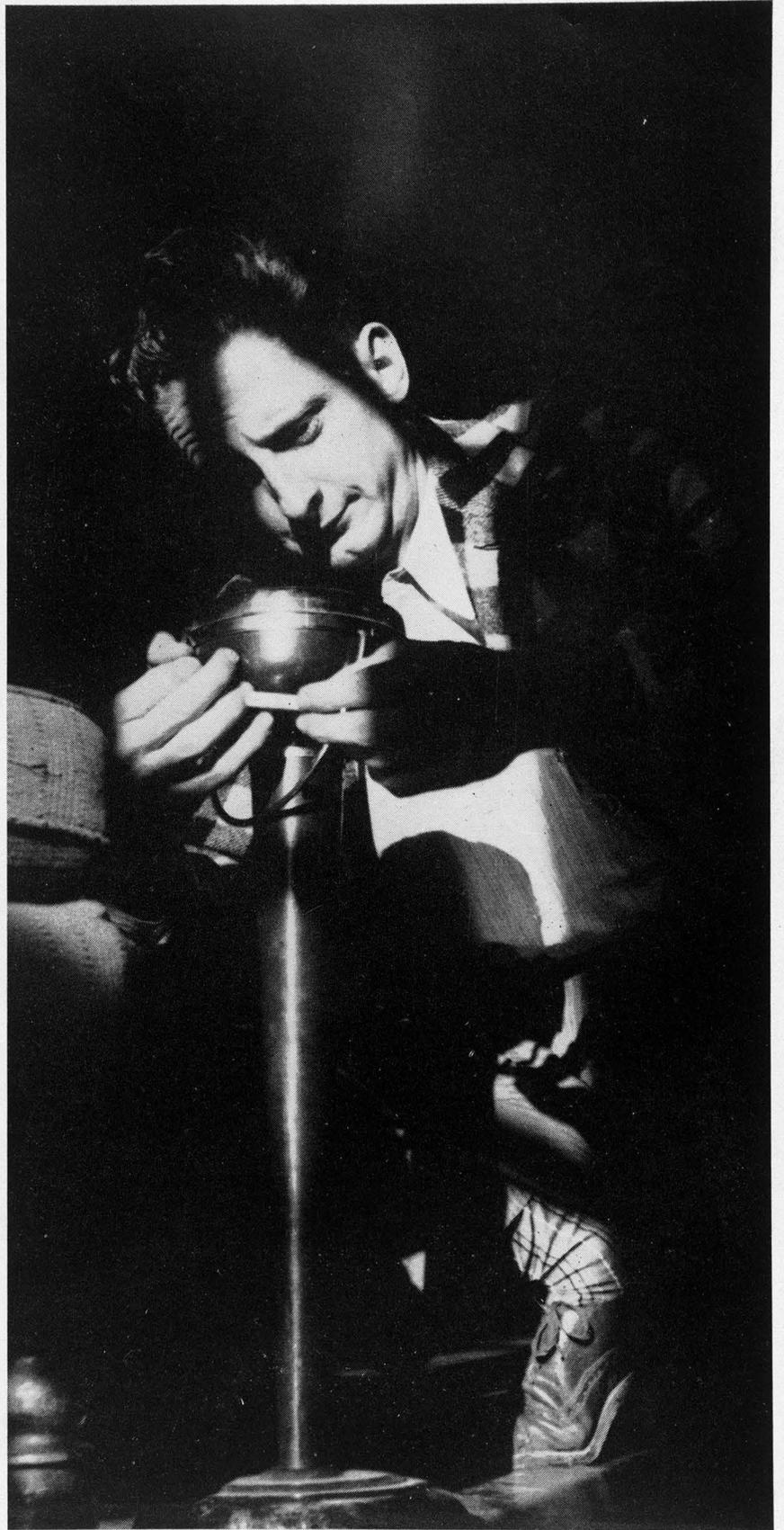
Sta-Neet home barber costs slightly more than one haircut, uses razor blades to give home tonorial treatments. Novel effects are sometimes obtained by beginners, but student doesn't mind—he won't be going anywhere for a month anyhow.



As a last desperate resort, student sells books at drag bookstore nearest the D&B Cafe, where he will hurry with his few pennies for nourishment.



Steadfastly avoiding inviting glances from girls eager for dinner date, student trudges home from warm library to his cold room and pilchards.



STUDENT PEERS INTO REPOSITORY IN UNION FOR POSSIBLE TOBACCO HAUL. HE WORKS WEST SIDE OF LOUNGE, FRIEND CLAIMS EAST SIDE, THEY SPLIT TAKE FROM POWDER ROOM.

—THE END



ILLUSTRATED BY *crumpton*

Today was an ordinary day to Miss Holmes

ALoud

THIS was Miss Holmes' thirtieth birthday and she had asked for the afternoon off. She stood in front of a cage in Central Park after lunch and wept for the black panther inside. There was nothing ostentatious about her weeping; in fact, no one even noticed. It was merely a matter of letting the tears form behind her dark glasses and then wiping them carefully away before they trickled out of hiding.

She felt the handsome animal's confinement to be somehow symbolic and therefore worthy of her concern. The panther padded back and forth endlessly across the front of his cage in a pattern: left corner to right, right corner to left, left corner to middle and back again, left corner to right and repeat. The highlights in his black fur blinked on and off and he made a "whuffing" noise in his throat now and then. The whole effect was quite hypnotic, thought Miss Holmes, like watching a candle flame. She felt for a moment that if she stood there long enough she might forget who she was and how to operate a typewriter and where her apartment was. No one would know she was hypnotized; they would probably think her an amnesia victim.

It was always easy for Miss Holmes to cry; laughing was the hard thing. Just a few moments before it had been El Greco's "Toledo in a Storm" which had brought tears to her eyes. She loved to stand in the Museum for hours before that particular picture. (Once she had actually timed herself at three and one-half hours, a few minutes more or less considering the time it took to get to the hall clock and check the hour again. She couldn't wear a watch. She loved to tell people why. "Too much electricity," she always said. "I'm just a high-voltage gal, you know!") She liked the Rembrandt, too, the "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails";

though of course the El Greco record was quite unbeaten.

One of Miss Holmes' pet theories was that beauty nearly always made people cry. That fitted in neatly with her idea that good and evil were inseparable and that the happy sorrow which beauty evoked in man was universal. Of course, Miss Holmes had never been outside the United States except for a few days in Mexico City a long time ago and one drive across the tip of Canada from Niagara to Detroit, but she was from the South and she felt that when something held true in both New York City and her home town it had passed as rigid a universality test as was practical for her purposes.

That was a fetish with Miss Holmes. She loved to meet people at cocktail parties who asked her what she did. "I am a seeker of universalities," Miss Holmes would say grandly, wrecking many a good conversation. It was probably her bravest habit.

"The black panther paces because it loves freedom. Man and beast alike love freedom, but the panther must remain in his cage, and man must go to work in the morning."

Morbidity delighted Miss Holmes. She loved to explain to people that she had read somewhere that evil was not merely the absence of good, but an active, self-perpetuating force. Her acquaintances had figured out long ago that such outbursts were not proof of any real sadness on Miss Holmes' part but were evidence of her ludicrous frustration. But Miss Holmes had an answer for that. She firmly believed that the essence of man's triumph over the beast was his self-control and that once he committed an act which shattered his self-respect, he had lost all.

"The panther walks endlessly because

he is moved, like all of us, by an inexorable Destiny, pre-determined and compelling us onward."

Miss Holmes stoutly maintained that all that "master of my ship, captain of my soul" business was just so much eye-wash. She felt that one might struggle fitfully for years to no avail. She used her own life as an example. "Look at me," she would say, "everything good that's ever happened to me has just *happened*. I've never really decided anything in my life." Even what she planned to do today was not really a decision on her part. It had evolved quite naturally. She had been saying for years that if she had not gotten any nearer her goal when she reached thirty she would kill herself. And as the years rushed by she had never felt the inclination to push the deadline back. It seemed strange, too, that she had not felt any sense of urgency or desperation toward the last. She had sat at her typewriter as calmly as before.

She had lost her religion in college and long since regained it, becoming more orthodox each year. When she had first come to New York she would have argued violently at every opportunity that God was a mere representation of what mankind did not understand. "Once we worshipped gods of fire and water and thunder; we didn't understand these things," she would intone. "As we came to know what fire was and how to use it, we cast aside our god of fire, and so with all the others until at last there remained only the one Deity—God Himself. He represents the beginning, the creation of life. All else has an explanation. This is the only thing left which we do not understand. Some day perhaps this, too, will come into our realm of knowledge and we will have no more use for God."

(Continued on next page)

Holmes Today she was to Kill herself.

a story by
JANE HARKRIDER

LAUGH ALOUD

Those were bold, exciting words for her then. She always spoke a little more loudly than usual when saying them, and often a delightful shudder of fear would pass over her.

Nowadays Miss Holmes sang a slightly different tune. Her God was perhaps not as personal as some, not a God who could walk each day with her, but he was increasingly real. Because he was not a personal God he had nothing to do with what was going to happen today. It was merely that she had not gotten any nearer her goal, which was a nebulous something that had to do with a child or so and doing something for mankind.

But Miss Holmes had never met anyone she could love who shared her ideas about things and who had the same goal. She had no sympathy for the poet who had raved on about its being better to have loved and lost and all that. She knew perfectly well that wedding bells were supposed to be forever and ever

and she would have nothing to do with this loving and losing business. She also knew perfectly well the correct ingredients for a permanent marriage and she didn't intend to mix herself hodge-podge fashion with just any person who happened along.

The black panther intruded into Miss Holmes' reverie by abruptly changing his behavior pattern. He stopped pacing altogether and flung himself down next to the wall; stretched out on the cool pavement. With a large yawn and one last "whuffle" he settled down for his afternoon nap. This display of contentment could not by the most heroic stretch of romantic imagination be interpreted as despair, so the panther lost favor with Miss Holmes who immediately reasoned that he was probably zoo-born and therefore had no normal set of standards by which to judge his present existence. Still, she thought, that does not excuse his complacency, for I, too, am zoo-born.

SHE turned away from the cage and walked directly toward the nearest bus stop on Fifth Avenue. Miss Holmes planned to catch a double-decker and sit on top in the sunshine on her way downtown, a pleasure she had to forego on the way to work because the wind damaged her hair too seriously. It seemed strange to wander about town on a weekday afternoon. The usual Sunday crowds were not filling the benches along the sidewalk.

A man dressed conservatively like a banker was the only other person at the bus stop. He turned as she walked nearer and bowed slightly in her direction. He was rather good looking and she wished suddenly that she were still Martha Holmes. Martha Holmes was dead and buried under years of office work and only Miss Holmes remained. However, she decided that since this was the day it was, it could do no harm to speak.

"I beg your pardon . . ."

He lifted his hat. His hair was thick and gray. It was such nice hair that it took Miss Holmes' breath away. She used the old effective trick of clouding her eyes in a special way she had developed so she could see only a misty outline of this man who then could have been anybody—a boss, a customer, anyone at all.

"I beg your pardon," Miss Holmes continued, "but could you tell me if an open air bus has passed?"

"No, I'm quite sure none have in the last few moments. I'm waiting for one myself. We shouldn't have long to wait now."

"Thank you."

They turned to look up the Avenue again and the first bus which came in view was one with a sundeck. Miss Holmes surprised herself by laughing gaily.

"You seem to have prophetic powers."

The man smiled and reached in his trousers pocket for a coin. The bus soon reached their stop and he waited for Miss Holmes to step aboard first. He climbed to the top behind her and took a seat two or three in front of hers.

"Everything that happens today is important. Every color is bright and clear."

A young mother and her child sat across the aisle from Miss Holmes. They both wore brilliant flowered scarves on their heads. The child stared at Miss Holmes and Miss Holmes smiled experimentally. She had always been able to stare back at children and their gaze had never caused her discomfort. The solution was to think hard to yourself how much you liked this little child and how nice it would be if she would smile back at you. It usually worked. Finally the little girl succumbed to the treatment and ducked her head behind the seat with a grin. From then on the encounter became a game of peek-a-boo. Tears came to Miss

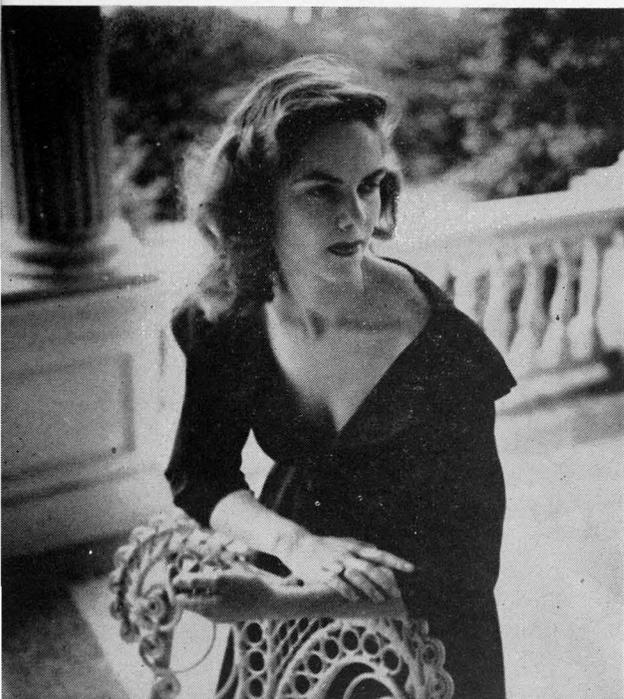
(Continued on Page 28)

RANGER COVER PICTURES



Which cover picture would you have selected?

For more pictures of Alicia Wiggs, Ranger cover girl for December, turn to pages 50 & 51.





HOW TO GO HOME

If you plan to go home for Christmas (and you live farther away from Austin than Round Rock), surprise the crowd waiting to greet you by arriving in something better than blue jeans and baggy sweater. Dress up. Imagine granny's look when you pop out in a cocktail dress with plunging neckline. And watch dad's face change color when you show him your new coat trimmed in ermine.

This month, *Ranger* staff members checked train schedules, made several quick dashes to the local railway station for these fashion photographs. Since the streamliners remained in the station only long enough for the engineer to retune his television set, the pictures were mostly shot quick from the hip.

For a red-cap's view of the whole business, simply lick your thumb and flip the page.



Models: ALICIA WIGGS,
LILLIAN LASSITER

fashion

Waiting for the band to arrive, this Christmas vacationer reclines against the diner in her new black wool coat with ermine collar. Buttrey's.



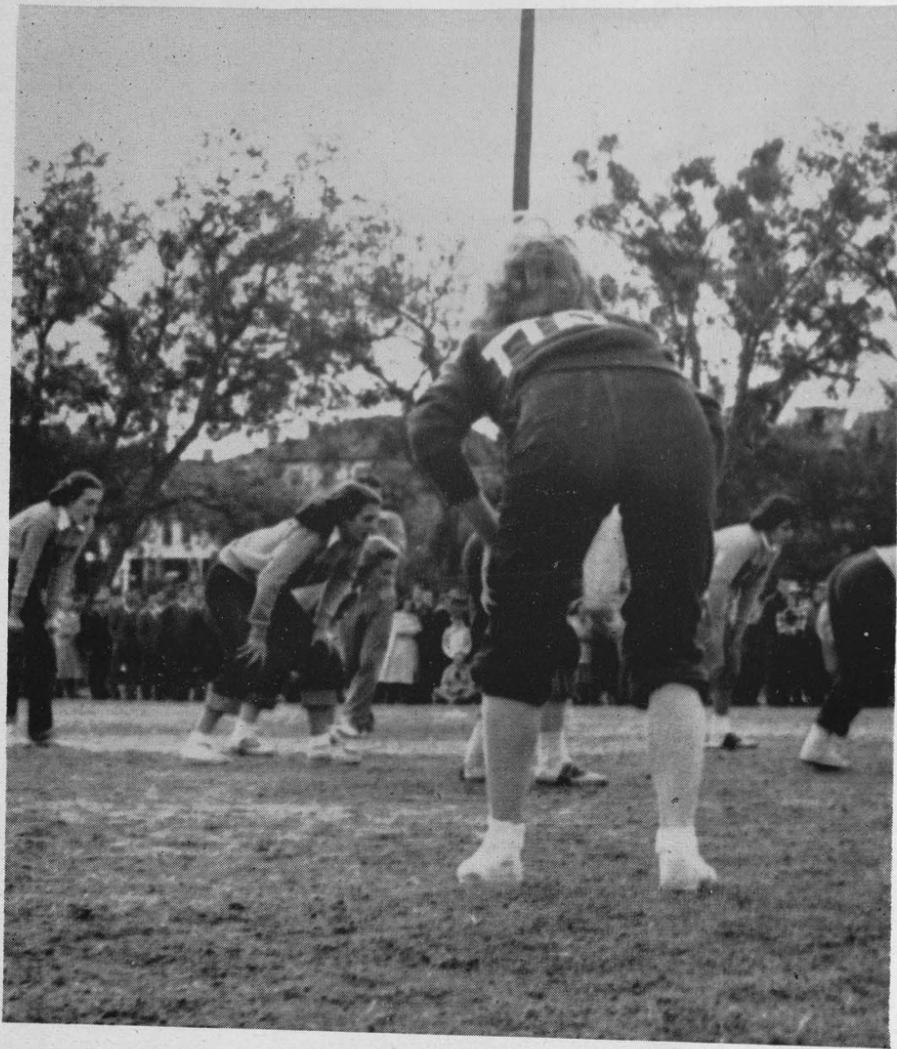
Photographer Alice King directs model to move out of range of tobacco-chewing engineer to protect this black silk taffeta dress. Balenciaga gave it a plunging neckline and lowered it slightly more on one hip than the other. Goodfriends.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

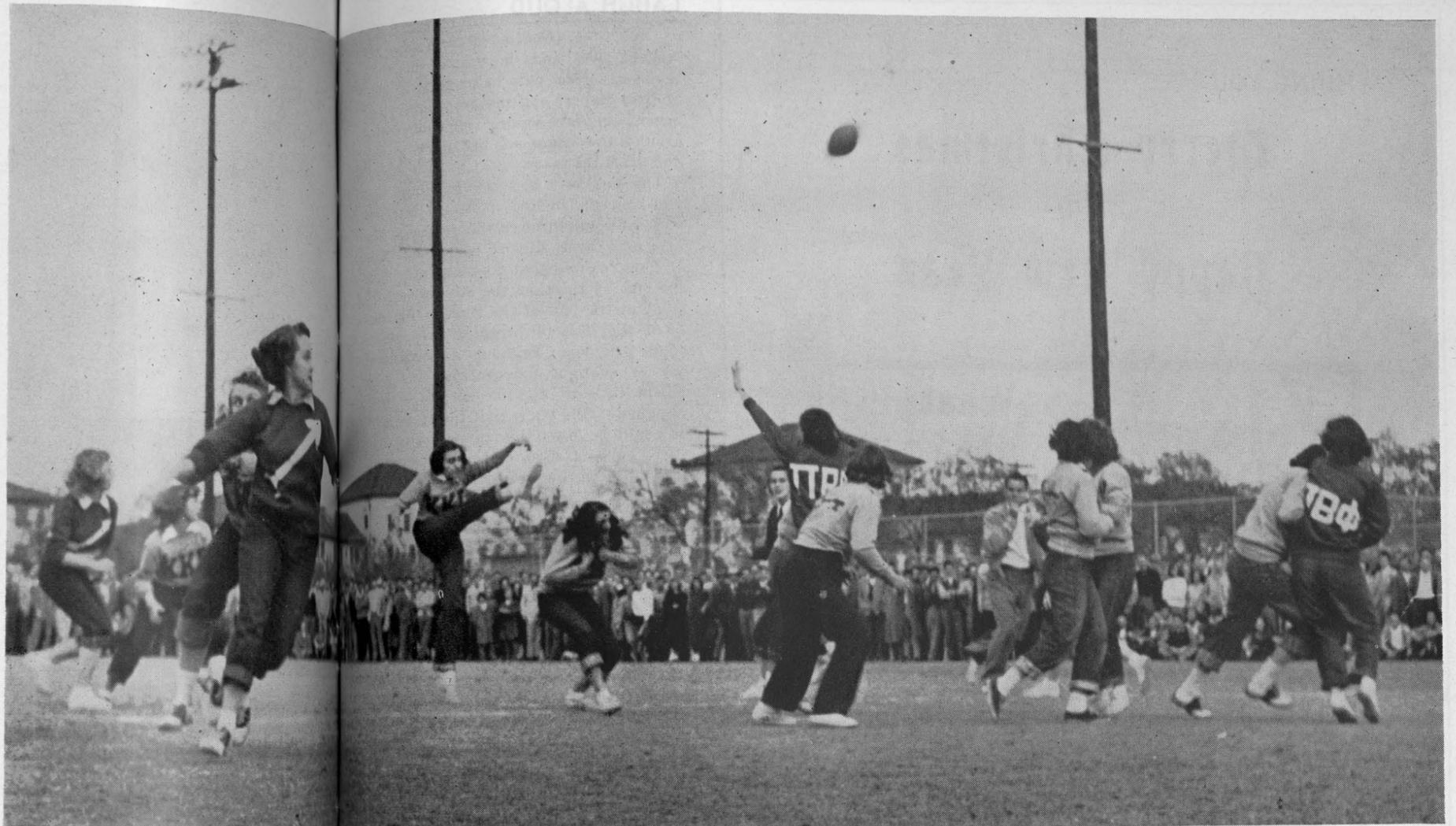
GIRL OF THE MONTH:

CAROLYNE
RIVIERE





LEFT END plays wide as opposing quarterback yaps signals.



RIGHT LEG of ball spiraling down the field as opposing teammates hug and shove each other. Blocking back fears for her new Toni.

Jo Ann Eidom explains UT's newest intramural sport — football for women.

RUN, MASARA!

THE American male is fighting a losing battle to keep his position of aggressor in his struggle with the female. For centuries, the female followed her mate around in an apparent state of numb subservience.

But in America, the granting of equal suffrage rights seemed to awaken every aggressive instinct she had so carefully smothered under a mask of humility. It didn't take long for her to begin shedding layers of petticoats and go out job hunting. Then she started smoking. And as the male retreated into his favorite bar, she marched right in behind him. Driving cars and flying planes came easy.

The males, however, were not taking all of this passively. In their retreat, they were constantly looking for something which they were certain would

prove impossible for women. And many young husky lads thought they had found the answer in the bruising, bone-crushing, gladiatorial game of football.

This fall, a new sport for women was quietly installed at the University. Though frowned on by the National Section on Women's Athletics (which blesses or relegates to the might-have-been department new women's sports), women's intramural touch football was added to the curriculum here.

However, University women's intramurals directors say UT's rules make the game as safe and sane as a rubber of bridge.

The sport is believed to have originated at the University of New Hampshire, the only other college known to include it in intramural activities now.

It's entirely different from the Kappa-Pi Phi Powder Bowl brand of football, which parallels varsity tussels in every respect except that tackling is forbidden and the game isn't supported by a cut of the blanket tax receipts.

Faculty supervisors were just as surprised as players when touch football was approved as an intramural sport for women this fall. They were all lined up for a big fight with the Intramurals Committee, but instead got an immediate go sign.

Hockey and soccer had been tried as intramural sports in the two preceding years, but both met with less than success. This year's sport lured 397 active and interested players.

The first task was to approve suitable rules, which now include such pertinent as:

"The purpose of the offensive team in possession of the ball is to advance the ball over their opponents' goal line, thereby making a touchdown and scoring . . . the defensive team is to prevent their opponents from advancing the ball down the field . . ."

"The team scoring the most points or the most penetrations by the end of the game wins."

Official uniform is blue jeans and a shirt, minus pads and cleated shoes. Equipment consists of a field twenty feet shorter than the usual one, a whistle which the referee substitutes for a red handkerchief, and a football.

The girls have five downs in which to make a touchdown, and they can engineer this feat by running with the ball or

(Continued on page 31)



FULLBACK rests a moment after being clobbered in the stomach. Teammate massages her wrist while opponents hiss "cream puff."

WISHING YOU

Merry Christmas AND Happy New Year



24 hour wrecker service



"Over 20 Years of Courteous Service"

5th and San Jacinto

Dial 8-6655

LAUGH ALOUD

(Continued from page 22)

Holmes' eyes and she wished this child belonged to her, pain or no pain, in spite of dirty diapers and endless drudgery and never being free again. The wind swirled around the edges of her dark glasses and dried the tears.

The bus was between buildings now and the sun slanted in at the intersections and cut through the grayness. The afternoon was almost gone and Miss Holmes realized that dusk would be upon the city by the time the bus reached the Arch at the foot of the Avenue. She disliked the idea of finishing the ride in total grayness. Without an occasional ray of sunlight for contrast, the gray meant little at all, like sorrow without happiness. She knew that theory so well. It could be fitted into almost any conversation and often came, as now, uninvited into her own reverie.

SHE left the bus at Forty-second Street and walked toward the Times Square subway station. The five o'clock workers were beginning to fill the streets. She stopped to buy a home-town paper before going down into the station. Ten years ago she had bought a paper here on her first night in the city. It was full of names she knew. There were fewer now and she supposed that was the main reason it wasn't exciting to buy the home-town paper anymore. Or maybe it was just that she had done it so often.

She found her way to the downtown platform she wanted and waited for a train. It was not going to be easy to find a spot on the ferry where she could stand without being watched. Everything is so burdensome for the poor, she thought. Life is just a maze of inconveniences. But what can you do when you have no private yacht, no lake, not even a swimming pool? The crowd was thick on the platform and people pressed against Miss Holmes from all sides as they fought to board the train. She turned on the mist in her eyes again and hid from the sharp faces.

The first thing she saw after she had somehow been squeezed into the train was the back of a familiar gray head just inches away from her eyes. She recognized the man at the bus stop immediately. What would he be doing on this train, unless . . . She knew at once that he was here deliberately and had contrived to stand near her. Her heart beat wildly and she found it hard to breathe quietly. His body curved into hers and when she bent her right knee slightly it fitted exactly against the back of his. They rode along that way until the crowd began to thin and when Miss Holmes could manage it, she turned around and pushed her way slowly into the next car.

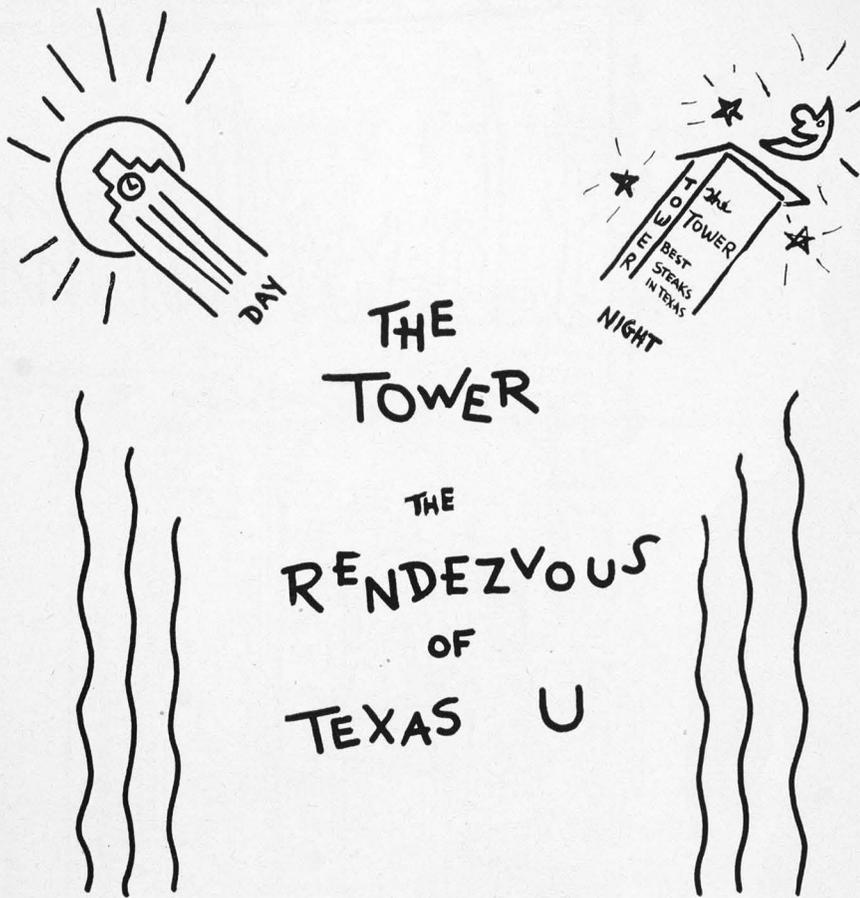
She did not see him again until they were aboard the ferry. He was standing in the front looking out over the water. She wondered when he would acknowl-

(Continued on page 30)



Jeanne Meredith, RANGER'S November Girl of the Month, captures the "frankly pretty" look in our rustling black taffeta afternoon dress fashioned with portrait neckline and side drape. Miss Meredith's hat is a Vera Whistler flamingo plateau with black ostrich feather trim. From our exciting holiday collection. Shoes, courtesy Leon's.

Photo by Felder, Austin



LAUGH ALOUD

(Continued from page 28)

edge her presence. Perhaps he was waiting until he could be sure she had not met someone here.

"It was the way I laughed aloud that made him follow me. He said quite naturally that 'we' shouldn't have to wait long for a bus. I laughed aloud with him. Even my laughter has waited for this day. Everything that happens today is important."

MISS HOLMES waited breathlessly for him to come to her. She never doubted for a moment that he would stride across the deck and stand quite close. She could not imagine what he would say. She decided that if he wanted to make love to her she would let him. Even when the boat was lunging against the pilings of the wharf on the other side she kept believing that he would speak.

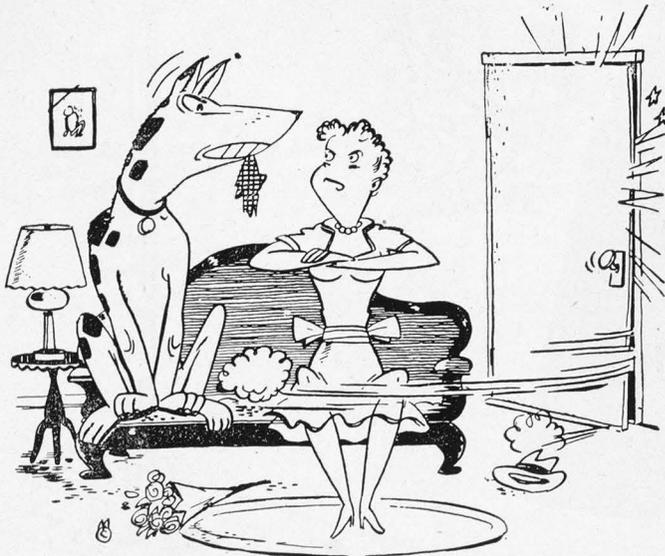
The shock of seeing him walk off the boat and lose himself in the crowd was slow in penetrating. It was only when the guard touched Miss Holmes on the shoulder that she realized he was really gone.

The guard said loudly, "All ashore, lady. You gotta get off and go around if you're going back."

Miss Holmes looked up at him and mumbled her apologies. She got up slowly and walked toward the gangplank. She had gone only a few steps when she stopped and turned around. Then she laughed aloud, a gay, easy laughter and crooked her finger at the guard.

"Come here if you want to hear something funny. This is my thirtieth birthday." She laughed again, then turned and left the boat.

There was no time to lose, so she hurried to put a nickel in the turnstile for the trip back to the City—THE END



"Listen Numbskull, My Insurance Gives Me All the Protection I Need."

The lady is right! Our agents study your personal needs and only advise the right and adequate insurance for your needs. Call us today and let's talk over your insurance problems.

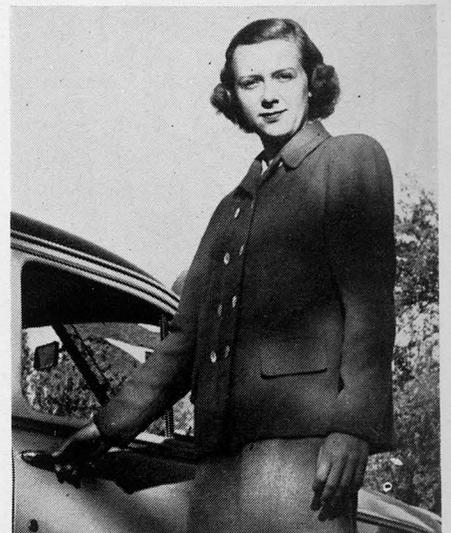
1011 1/2
CONGRESS

**NASH PHILLIPS
COPUS CO.**



REAL ESTATE — LOANS — INSURANCE

PHONE
8-6461



● JANE HARKRIDER, a former persistent Daily Texan staff member, now edits the Texas State Employees Magazine. In her tomblike basement office below one of Austin's first homes, she often stops grinding out news items long enough to grind out fiction. What with her natural talent and all, we think she should take up writing as a profession.

(Continued from page 27)



For centuries, the female followed her mate around in an apparent state of numb subservience.

making any number of forward, backward, or lateral passes on any down.

They don't have to fear tackling. The defensive player has only to tag the ball carrier with an open hand below the neck to "down" her and stop the play. As the rules say, roughness may be eliminated if players are taught to tap "lightly and clearly as in any game of tag."

Female referees learn how to ration out punishment in a gym class devoted exclusively to football officiating. And freshman girls are learning that football for them is no longer a spectator sport, for it is included in the freshman sports course, required of all freshman women.

Injuries in the intramural game have been few and slight, say women's sports directors. Not so in the Pi Phi-Kappa fracas, which this year resulted in an assortment of fallen arches, fractured ribs, broken fingernails, dislocated jaws, and strained muscles.

And a last-day practice session sent a Pi Phi pledge to the hospital with a fractured ankle.

The Kappa's and the Pi Phi's began their football battles in 1942 and renewed the rivalry in 1946, when it became an annual affair.

The two Greek teams spent about two hours every afternoon for six weeks devising elaborate plays and mastering defensive tactics.

They applied these with such skill and reckless disregard for their own safety that spectators were treated to a couple of hours of startling entertainment.

Males looked at each other and wondered. What next? —THE END

How's Your P.A.*

*PERSONAL APPEARANCE



Tailor-Made
from \$50

Personal appearance is your most important asset, your best selling point for yourself. A well tailored, smartly styled, and properly fitted suit is worth money in the bank to you. Bring your P.A.* problems to us. We'll solve them for you with a custom tailored suit in a fabric, fashion, pattern, and color that will bounce your ego to a new high.

Also custom made slacks, made right in our own shop.

Ask to see our
fine

"FORSTMAN WOOLENS"



S. V. NORWOOD AND SON

2548 GUADALUPE—

THAT'S 2 BLOCKS NORTH OF THE VARSITY THEATER

Regents Robert Leon White and Mrs. I. D. Fairchild made a trip over the nation in 1936 to listen to bells. They chose the type used at Valley Forge and contracted with the Old Menely Bell Foundry at Watervliet, New York, to produce a duplicate set. Mr. White, who was also architect for the tower building, estimated their cost at \$20,000. The final bill, however, was \$40,000, or one dollar a pound.

Jim Owens of Pittsburgh was playing "Stardust" on the chimes one winter evening in 1945 and was attacked by a nest of bats. Still playing, Owens grabbed a clipboard and killed eight of the little monsters. He said if anyone tried to prosecute him for breaking the state law against killing bats, he would plead self-defense.

Charles Roger Carlton, graduate student from Plainview, is the present manipulator of the chimes keyboard, which resembles that of an oversized organ. So much pressure is required to play it by hand that Carlton frequently uses two pairs of gloves. Both hands and feet are used.

Since the keyboard only has one octave and a half range, the player must transpose most tunes. (Many sets of chimes have three or four octaves, but cost a lot more than \$40,000.) Carlton plays mostly folk songs and accepted modern tunes. Many classical and popular tunes are out of the limited range, but Carlton does occasionally slip in his favorites, "The Bells of St. Mary's" and a theme from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

He says the tones of the University's chimes are flat and out of tune with each other. Many listeners have been saying that for years.

The chimes ring every quarter hour. Tune is the Westminster Peal, words to which go

*Lord, in this hour,
Be thou my guide
For in thy pow'r
I do abide.*

That should give you something to think about next time the bells start ringing.

THE following story is reprinted exactly as it first appeared except that the names of the principal characters involved have been altered considerably.

NUDE HOUSTON BURGLAR HITS MISS MAUD DEAL

Miss Maud Deal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Q. Q. Deal of Elkhart, employed by the Bell Telephone Company at Houston, was the victim of an unusual experience Monday. Entering her apartment at 1434 West Elberta about 5 p.m., she encountered a burglar in her apartment. She had more than the usual reasons for screaming—the burglar was naked.

When Miss Deal came in, he hit her over the head with the leg of an ironing board. She ran outside the room and, in her fright, fell down the inside stairway.

The burglar hurried down an outside back stairway.

Mrs. Hattie Green, who lives next door, was out in her back yard and saw him.

"Hey," she shouted, "come out and see what's coming out the back door!"

When the burglar got all the way down, he put something—possibly his clothes—in front of him. He ran one way and Mrs. Green the other.

At least six persons called police. They got the wrong information on the address and arrived 40 minutes late.

Nothing was stolen, but Miss Deal was confined to bed with a severe headache.

Police, who can be terse in such matters, wrote in the official report:

"Entry gained by putting a chisel behind the casement of the door, then tripping the latch.

"Exit out the back door minus his clothes."

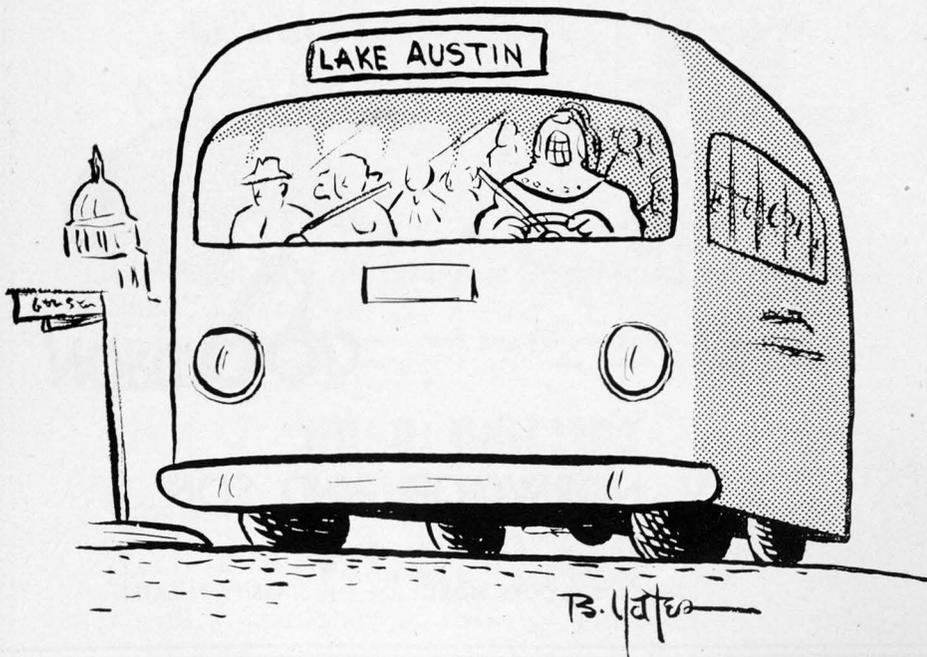
Their only description of the burglar: "A young man with blond hair."

—Elkhart Record, Nov. 11, 1948.

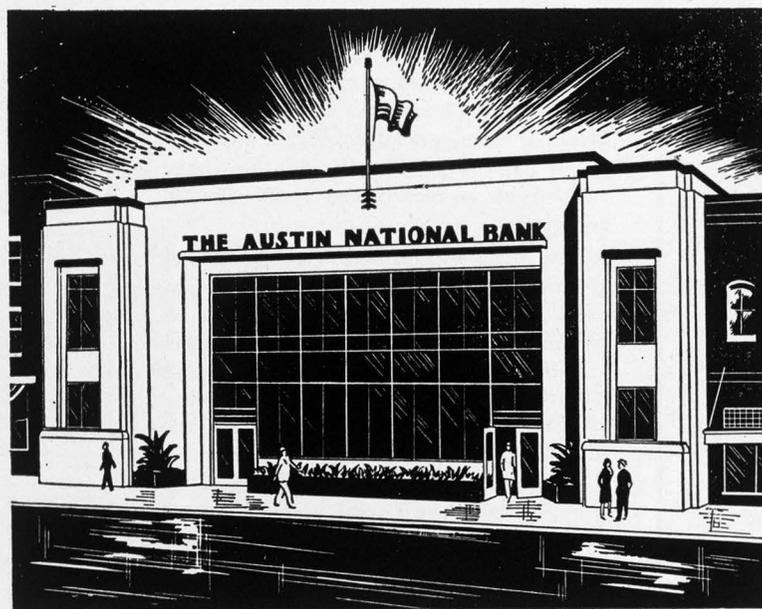
WOODY HERMAN, the keeper of the "Blue Flame," probably has the best Bop band in the country today. While currently appearing at New York's "Royal Roost," the house that bop built, the Herman Herd can be dialed in via CBS on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays at 11 p.m. However, since the local affiliate is in a dreaming mood, you will have to tune in on an out-of-town station. For those who have followed the "Herd," and remember the great band that Herman had in 1944 and 1945, it is great news to know that "Chubby" Jackson and Bill "Slush Pump" Harris have returned to the fold. For it was this duo which gave the Herman band such drive and humor. Along with the above named, others who "ride" are Serge Chaloff, who plays a terrific bop baritone sax, Terry Gibbs on vibes, Ralph Burns on piano, "Shorty" Rogers on trumpet, and Stan Getz and Zoot Simms on tenors. The best performance is "Bijou," featuring Bill Harris on the tram. His musicianship and musical humor are unexcelled.

While toying around with the radio, you can tune in on WBBM, 860KC and dig the Charlie Ventura Combo with his new sounds from Chicago.

Also for the musically inclined is Clint, Texas' offering of an A-C-C-O-R-D-I-A-N for \$3.95.



Time Tested Banking — Since 1890



507-511 CONGRESS AVE.

Resources in Excess of \$50,000,000.00

THE AUSTIN NATIONAL BANK

"The Friendly Bank"

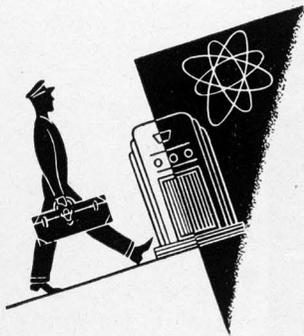
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

RADIO ON THE BLINK?

NO DISORDER
BAFFLES OUR
EXPERTS. CALL

3128

FOR OUR A-I "FIX
IT" MAN.



RADIO REPAIRS . . .
SERVICING . . .
SALES

New & used

- Home Sets
- Phonographs
- Portables
- Car Radios

All at prices you can afford.

Conveniently located for fast service to
the University area.

JETT'S RADIO SERVICE

3511
Guadalupe

Phone
3128

music: VINTAGE

◆ *A Song to Remember*—a grand little movie—has apparently given Victor an extraordinary idea. They have gleaned from the success which met the singularly uninspired performances of Cornel Wilde, Merle Oberon, and Jose Iturbi that the public just *loves* Chopin. So they have decided to re-record the basic Chopin repertory.

Few of us will quibble with the merits of the project itself, but when the magnates enlist the feeble artistic forces of Alexander Brailowsky in their edition of the *Etudes* and the moribund talent of Artur Rubinstein in this month's pressing of the *Preludes*—it can only sicken the soul of the Chopin devotee.

This new Rubinstein job is designed to supplant both the Cortot version (which Victor has slyly rendered unobtainable) and Columbia's performance by Egon Petri, who, to the average Chopin fiend, is beneath contempt. Artists as widely disparate as Paderewski, Brailowsky, Lhevinne, Gieseking, and (Lord help us) Stokowski have recorded excerpts from the set, but since the *Preludes* are most effective played as a whole, these excisions should not be compared with a complete performance.

It would be a pleasure to hail this new recording as a bonanza to the faithful; unfortunately, this is not the case. True, the playing one hears on these discs bears a closer resemblance to the elegance of the old Rubinstein (e.g., *Scherzos*, Victor M-189) than to his hysterical slaughter of the last movement of the "Apassionata" (Victor DV-3). But the restraint and polish of old are discernible only in the lyric moments of these pieces; when confronted by something like No. 24 in D Minor, the old man goes off his nut, and the inevitable result is chaos.

Heifetz is revealed at his best in a new pressing of Mozart's *Concerto in D, K. 218*, with Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic. This is one of the admirable British series that Victor has undertaken, and the mechanical aspects are superb. Heifetz' occasionally over-facile technique tends to obscure dramatic values in Beethoven or Brahms,

(Continued on page 42)

ON
ANY
OCCASION



BELDING
FLOWERS

SAY
IT
BETTER



—SO ALWAYS SAY IT WITH

Belding Flowers

On the Drag
27th and
Guadalupe

In the
center of town
125 E. 7th

Phone
7-4478

Phone
8-6444

ZESTO

Austin's Finest
Soft Frozen Cream

- ★ NEW
- ★ DIFFERENT
- ★ DELICIOUSLY
FLAVORED

★ IDEAL FOR PARTIES

★ "HOTS WITH CHILI" AND
FRESH ORANGE JUICE

Drive Over and Have Our Economical
Supper as You Sit in Your Car or Take
'Em Home with You.

816 W. 12th

1 Block West of Austin High School

music: JUST PRESSED

● A few people may have wondered at some time or another what a classical musician might think if he were to encounter the more spirited works of such jazz giants as Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Kenton, Bill Harris, and Duke Ellington.

We admit that the thought preyed on our curious minds with such intensity that we decided to conduct an experiment of sorts by playing jazz to a professor of music. After numerous visits to the Music Building we came forth with not one, but two professors who have consented to be subjected to some of our favorite recordings of modern jazz.

Our victims were Wilbur Ogden, assistant professor of musicology, and Louis Mennini, assistant professor of composition, both of whom were selected for their own modern ideas and open minds. Because of this intimacy with modernism, only modern jazz records were chosen for the listening session.

Descending into the Co-Op record shop and into the jazz world at the same time, these two men gave out some thoughts which seemed to us of great interest.



After two hours of almost constant listening, friends Ogden and Mennini decided that, although there are great potentialities in jazz, most of them are being overlooked by today's jazzmen. Surveying the jazz scene with cool objectivity, they arrived at the conclusion that jazz is really going nowhere in particular, despite a few changes here and there. However, jazz does serve a purpose in that it reflects to a large degree the rapid-fire, kinetic sort of energy of our culture today. In other words, the pros say, when times are slow the music is relaxed; when times are fast the music is fast and tense.

Mr. Ogden took a fairly dim view of what is happening, thinking that modern jazzmen are merely lifting the more obvious things from modern classicists without going below the surface.

Says Mr. Mennini: "If people actually enjoy these sounds, such as the Raeburn and Gillespie bands produce, why don't they listen to good music—Stravinsky, Hindemith."

Of all the discs played for these two composers, the man who most impressed them was Duke Ellington with his "On A Turquoise Cloud" from the *Mood Ellington* album.

The conversation during the song went something like this:

Mennini: "Hey, that's nice! Hear that, Bill?"

Ogden: "Very intriguing work. This is the best we've heard so far. Nice orchestration, nice writing."

Mennini: "Ellington is the best craftsman, very workmanlike. Oh, too bad!" (Referring to a transition from the voice-trombone-clarinet triad to a trombone solo.)

Ogden: "It's a shame he couldn't have kept on as in the first part."

Mennini: "Yes, but originality can last only so long."

Ogden: "Maybe he threw that in so we could appreciate the rest."

Mennini: "That breaks the continuity of the theme, but still it's good, seductive dance music."

Ogden: "Hear how he gets out of that thick passage? Very neat. (Reference here was to the dropping off from the climax.)

(Continued on page 46)



See Better
and
Look Smarter

SPECIALIST
IN STUDENT
VISUAL PROBLEMS

DR. A. E. BROUGHTON
OPTOMETRIC
EYE CLINIC

110 East 6th

Phone 2-8634

TIME FOR
CHRISTMAS
PARTIES



Try our
special service
on net and
bouffant
formals

Our wonderful moisture-proof
process makes them like new.

LONGHORN
CLEANERS

2538 Guadalupe

CALL 3847 FOR DELIVERY SERVICE



**STANLEY Sends
Season's Greetings
to one and all!**

STANLEY DEPWE

"The best in candid photography"

2418 Guadalupe

Phone 2-2752



NEED A CAR

for the Christmas
Holidays?

CALL

HILLARD'S

RENT-A-CAR of Austin

FOR
SPECIAL HOLIDAY RATES

PHONE 7-3441

127 East 7th

Austin, Texas

It wasn't my fault. I wouldn't have taken the date, but Harry's girl liked her and wanted to see her get around. I didn't have any excuse and they bought my ticket to the "Frolics."

When she came down the stairs I grabbed Harry. She was dressed in lavender or something, her slip showed slightly, the back of her dress was bare and I could see her skinny shoulder blades. Her hair was corn color and she wore glasses.

On the way home she said she liked my car better than hers. I asked her what kind of a car she had and she said a Packard. I wondered what business her father was in and she said he was president of a big bank in New York. In June we were married.—Artie Shaw

Little Jerry came down the stairs bel-
lowing lustily. "What's the matter now?"
said his mother.

"Papa was hanging pictures and he
just hit his thumb with a hammer,"
said Jerry.

"That's not so serious," soothed his
mother. "A big man like you shouldn't
cry at a trifle like that. Why didn't you
just laugh?"

"I did," sobbed Jerry.

"Gad, I've been draped," cried the
model when she woke up with her clothes
on.—Picasso

Sue: "Yes, I wrote a confession story
once."

Helen: "Did they publish it?"

Sue: "No, but the editor came all the
way from New York to see me."—Vogue

An Englishman's wife slipped from the
boat into the sea. He turned frantically
to the American beside him.

"Young man, a boon if you rescue
my foundering wife!"

The American jumped in, rescued her
and stood wet and exhausted on the deck.
The Englishman rushed over to him.

"You're a hero!" he cried. "Have you
anything to say?"

"Yeah," said the American. "What the
hell's a boon?"

—Manchester Guardian

"Pardon me, but . . . er . . ."

"No, you've never met me at Norm's,
Clark's or Dunn's. I wasn't on the bus or
Pullman last week-end. I know I'm good
looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going
your way, and I would'nt ride with you
on a bet. I didn't go to school with you;
I'm not waiting for a street car; I don't
want a lift, and I know plenty of college
boys. Furthermore, I have a fiance that
weighs 220 pounds. Now were you going
to say something?"

". . . Yes, damn it! You're losing your
underwear."—Maria Ouspenskaya

Scene in an English barroom:

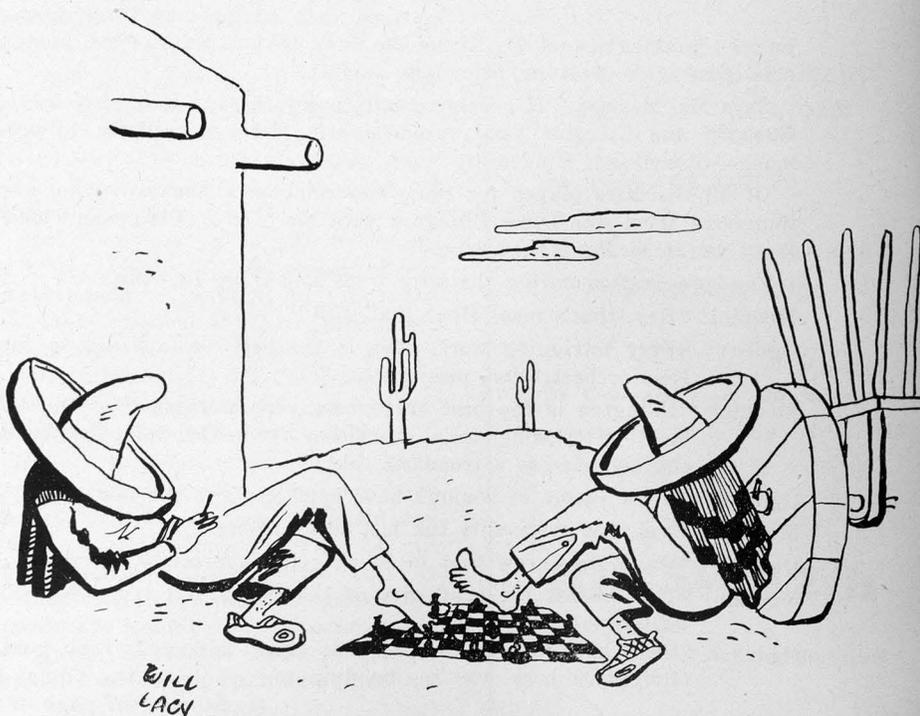
Limey: 'Allo, Mary. Are you 'aving
one?

Mary: No, it's just the cut of me coat.
—Churchill

Doctor: "Why do you have A-58445
tattooed on your back?"

Patient: "That's not tattooed, that's
where my wife ran into me while I was
opening the garage doors."

—Famous Funnies



WILL
LACY



Merry
Christmas

Ottis Stahl Studio

2514 GUADALUPE
AUSTIN, TEXAS



Let us make
Your Car
LOOK LIKE NEW
In Our Modern Body Shop
P. K. WILLIAMS NASH CO.
"On the Avenue"

CONGRESS AT SECOND

8-4688

Tidings of
Joy!



You'll like the good cheer of holiday eating at the Milam . . . where every meal is a real pleasure. Our delicious food, meats, vegetables, salads, and desserts will make your Christmas all the merrier.

TWO AIR-CONDITIONED
MILAM CAFETERIAS

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED
21ST AND WICHITA
8TH AND CONGRESS

A big four-masted schooner ran into a squall. After being tossed about unmercifully she lost her sails and the rudder was broken. Then came the calm and the ship floated along helplessly for a week.

She had no radio aboard and there was absolutely no way of getting assistance. The food and water supply was exhausted. The old seafaring captain called the crew and passengers on deck and said:

"We are in a terrible predicament and will have to face the situation unflinchingly, otherwise everyone on board will die of hunger. As the Captain of this ship I know my duty. I'll kill myself first and you can eat me."

So saying, he took a revolver from his pocket and pressed it against his temple.

All of a sudden, one of the crew cried: "Stop! Stop! Don't do that!"

The Captain, his finger on the trigger, ready to shoot, stopped.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Please, Captain, I beg of you, don't blow your brains out. That's my favorite dish."—Gold Cook Book

A man rushed into a bar and asked the bartender, who was removing dew from the bar, if he knew of anything that would stop the hiccoughs. His answer was a slap across the face with the wet towel. Surprised and furious, the stranger demanded the reason for such action. With a placating grin the bartender replied, "Well, you haven't got any hiccoughs now, have you?" "Hell, I never did have," was the indignant answer. "I wanted something for my wife. She's out in the car."—Zowie

"There are four requisites to a good short story," explained the English teacher to the class. "Brevity, a reference to religion, some association with the royalty, and an illustration of modesty. Now, with these four things in mind, I will give you thirty minutes to write a story."

Ten minutes later the hand of Sandy went up.

"That is fine, Sandy," she complimented, "and now read your story to the class."

Sandy read: "'My Gawd,' said the countess, 'take your hand off my knee.'" —Kittredge

The couple had just been rescued from a tiny island after three days and nights. The girl extended her hand to the man and said: "Charlie, you're a dear, and thanks for being such a gentleman. Too bad you didn't know this gun was empty." —Winchester Guardian

"Grandma, use the bottle opener—you'll ruin your gums."

—Prince Phillip



Sports Gifts

ARE APPRECIATED ON ANY OCCASION.

- Guns—Ammunition
- Athletic Supplies
- Hunting & Camping Equipment
- Fishing Tackle

HUNTING & FISHING LICENSES ISSUED

BENNETT & MOORE

105 W. 5th

DIAL 2-8666

Customs Guard: What do you have in that bag, old lady?

Old Lady: Sure and it's just a little holy water for Father McGinty.

C.G. (uncorking bottle): Well it smells like Irish whiskey . . . And it tastes like Irish whiskey!

Old Lady: Saints be praised! A miracle!—Bing Crosby

Prof.: "I've become broadminded."

Dean: "Nonsense, you've merely rearranged your prejudices."

—Faculty Minutes

"Harry surprised me by telling me we were going to spend our honeymoon in France."

"How nice, and how did he spring it on you?"

"He said that as soon as we were married he would show me where he was wounded in the war."—Bridebook

"Just what good have you done to humanity?" asked the judge, before passing sentence on the pickpocket.

"Well," replied the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."—True Confessions

**MORE
THAN
EVER**



During the festive Holiday season, the best place for that luncheon or dinner date is—

The Hitchin' Post

A Duncan Hines Selection

LUBY'S CAFETERIA

Featuring Home Style

Cooking at Reasonable

Prices.

SERVING HOURS

11 - 2:00

5 - 7:30

CLOSED SUNDAYS

915 CONGRESS AVENUE
AUSTIN

ALSO IN
DALLAS, WACO,
SAN ANTONIO



PROTECT
YOUR

PONTIAC

WITH PONTIAC SERVICE

WE HAVE A GIFT SHOP TOO.

Accessories make ideal Christmas gifts. We have a complete line for all makes.

JACK STABLEFORD PONTIAC CO.

YOUR AUTHORIZED PONTIAC DEALER IN AUSTIN

Fifth at Guadalupe

Phone 8-2561

SHAGGY DOG STORY

Once a man and his dog were sitting on a park bench watching the pigeons. The man reached for a cigarette and found his pack was empty. Turning to the dog, he said, "Hey, Charles, do you have a cigarette?"

"No," said the dog, "but there's a place down the street where they sell them."

"Fine," the man said, "here's a quarter, go get me a pack."

An hour later the dog had not returned, so the man went to look for him. He found the dog sitting at a bar casually sipping a Martini.

"This is a hell of a note," said the man. "Here I've always been able to depend on you before, and now you pull a trick like this. What's the idea?"

"Well," said the dog sheepishly, "you never gave me any money before."

— Field & Stream

Mother to daughter coming in late: What makes your right shoe muddy and not your left?

Daughter: I changed my mind.

—Parents Magazine

"What did the audience do when you told them you never paid a dollar for a vote?"

"Well, some of them cheered and some of them got up and left."—Gallup

"Still engaged to Maude?"

"No."

"Good."

"What?"

"Good, how'd you get rid of her?"

"What?"

"How'd you drop the old hag?"

"I married her."—Roquefort

DID YOU KNOW

You won't outgrow your shirts so fast if you remember this little trick. When your shirt gets so tight around the neck that you can't button the top collar button, dash into the kitchen and drink a glass of ice water. Your throat will contract and the shirt will button with ease.

Because of the fluctuation in dividends accrued from Ranger investments, the award for the best Did You Know? this month is only \$43,210 instead of the usual fifty G's. And also because of a disagreement with Reader's Digest (we refused to print a joke sent us by Dewitt Wallace . . . too suggestive) we are giving a LIFE-TIME subscription to FORTUNE. The recipient is engineering student Assaf Cassis.

Send in your Life Savers today and win a carton of Chesterfields, peasants.

Many of The Best

PHOTOS IN THE RANGER ARE
MADE WITH EQUIPMENT AND
SUPPLIES PURCHASED AT—

AUSTIN PHOTO SUPPLY

2264 GUADALUPE

AND

110 E. 8th STREET

(at present being remodeled)

TWO STORES TO SERVE YOU
WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF
CAMERAS, MOVIES & SUPPLIES.

Also Expert Camera Repair

Austin Photo Supply

MUSIC: VINTAGE

(Continued from page 34)

but here, in an unprepossessing work, he has the perfect *Rozinante* for his inexhaustible virtuosity. The Great Man has written his own cadenzas for the first and last movements, and their rather startling twentieth-century tone strikes an anachronistic note in an otherwise delightful performance. Sir Thomas, of course, is in hog-heaven.

Speaking of Sir Thomas, another fine release is a collection of seldom-heard works called *Music from the 18th Century* which includes the hitherto unrecorded *Symphony No. 27 in G, K. 199* of Mozart. Sprightly and engaging performances of pieces by Paisiello, Mehul and one of the Handel-Beecham do-dads from the "Amaryllis" Suite are included. It's a good buy.

Leonard Warren, who used to sing well, is now observed bellowing and ranting through a mess of Verdi arias on Victor. The selections are more than orthodox—they are tediously routine: Iago's Creed from *Othello*, "Eri tu?" from *The Masked Ball* and a couple of things from *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*.

The funny thing about this album is that it has both old and new recordings. In fact, it's downright weird. It takes no expert to discover which is which. Warren's velvety tone in the *Trovatore* numbers obviously dates back to palmier days. But the husky delivery of "Eri tu?" makes one remember Tibbett's competent version as something really great.

For admirers of Edwin Fischer, there is the cheering news that his great performance of Mozart's *Concerto in G Major, K. 453* is back in print and available at the Co-op.—LYNWOOD ABRAM

Chopin: Preludes (Victor DM-12)
Music From the 18th Century (Victor DM-1264)
Verdi Arias (Victor DM-12)
Mozart: G Major Concerto (Victor M-481)

How to Live on \$15 per Week

Beer	\$8.80
Wife's allowance	1.65
Groceries (on credit)	
Rent (pay next week)	
Coal (borrow from neighbors)	
Cigars30
Cigarettes40
Movies80
Poker games	2.10
Marble games70
Dog food	1.40
Life Insurance50
Total	\$16.65

Note: this means that you are going into debt \$1.65, so cut out the wife's allowance.—Fortune



WARMACK

The ten best years of a man's life are the ten just before he stumbles and Mrs.—Castoria

Homely Kate stood in a field,
An' scared the black crows so,
They all flew off and brought back corn
They had stolen weeks ago.
—4-H Bulletin

"What are you writing?"
"A joke."
"Well, give her my regards."
—Limburger

LIKES PETS

Olivia de Haviland, starred in William Wyler's "The Heiress," at Paramount, had a household of pets:

A retired banker and a chef decided to open a cafe. As there were already cafes of every variety in the city, they had a hard time choosing their specialty. The banker finally planned a very simple menu.

It stated, "We serve choice cuts from any animal ever conceived by God."

On opening day, a customer came in and was led to a table by the banker. She studied the menu carefully, then ordered an elephant cutlet. The waiter unconcernedly took her order and went to the kitchen. Presently he came back followed by the chef.

"Madam, I see that you are dining alone," said the chef.

"Yes, I always dine alone," the woman exclaimed.

"Are you expecting anyone to join you?" asked the chef.

"No, I am not," answered the woman.

"Well, we can hardly be expected to cut up our elephant for one cutlet."

RUSSELLS MEET

Gail Russell, co-star of Pine-Thomas' "El Paso," Paramount color release, met actress Jane Russell for the first time when Gail visited Bob Hope on the set of "The Paleface." Jane Russell co-stars with Hope in the latter film. "I'm the 'wrong' Russell," Gail laughed when introduced to Hope's leading Russell.

Depends on how you look at things.

Fred Kipper

Invites You to
DINE & DANCE
at
CEDAR CREST
LODGE



Located on top of a hill where you get a beautiful view of the "hill country."

4 miles from BARTON SPINGS on BEE CAVE ROAD.

for party reservations

CALL

2-1902

DINING

DANCING

Yacht Harbor

SWIMMING

BOATING

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND

WEST LAKE DRIVE

CALL 9397

ACROSS THE LAKE, JUST ABOVE
THE DAM. THE EASIEST ROUTE
TO YACHT HARBOR IS BY BOAT
FROM—

BENNETT BOAT DOCKS

WATER TAXI SERVICE—ROW BOATS—SAIL BOATS—"PUT-PUTS"

3826 Lake Austin Blvd.

Phone 8-0238



WE SERVE THE BEST

MEXICAN FOOD

•
SEA FOOD

•
STEAKS

PLAN YOUR NEXT PARTY IN THE
HISTORIC OLD "WINE CELLAR".

Call
8-4321
for reservations

Old
Seville

RESTAURANT AND GIFT SHOP

Fred and Ina Leser
Owners

16th at Guadalupe

THE WALL

(Continued from Page 12)
over and picked up a slingshot that had been lying on the ground. It strangely resembled the one he had noticed on his previous visit. But this one did not fall apart. It was strong and pliable. He wondered and moved on. With a thrill of excitement he suddenly came upon a house. Its likeness he had seen before, but this house was standing. It was built of shining bricks and colored glass. A stream flowed silently by it and in the rear stood a garden. The man heard the boy gaily running through the wonderful house, his curly head appearing from one top story window and then another. The man sat down, open mouthed and open eyed on a stone bench—a bench that was solid, strong, white marble. It was all positively amazing. Here he had been traveling through, over, and about the country and had never before found this paradise. Just then the little boy came skipping out of the house hurling stones into the air that caught the merry rays of the sun and turned them into the colors of the rainbow. The boy came over to the man and plumped down beside him.

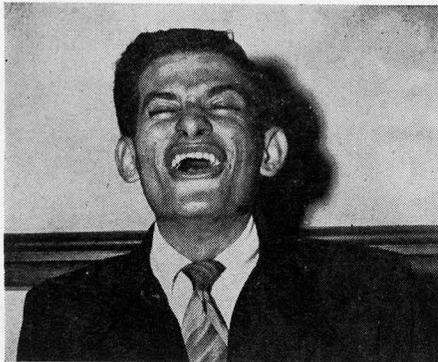
"Is it always like this?" the man queried.

"Sure," said the boy, "I haven't been beyond this house yet, but when I get bigger and can walk farther, I'm going to explore this whole place."

"What's the name of this country?" asked the man. The boy thought a moment and then replied.

"I'm not sure, but I think I heard my mother call it the land of your imagination."
—L. GOODWIN

•
Rita Hayworth had not ridden a horse since the early days of her film career when she used to play in westerns. But the first two days of shooting for Columbia's Technicolor "The Loves of Carmen," required her to ride double on a horse with Glenn Ford and to ride solo on a burro.



• This is the kind of picture you get when you ask UT's ugliest man to say cheese. One thing about all this is that with a normal expression on his face, Bob Gold looks about like the rest of us. This may mean something.

Where Youth Meets Experience

The Bank
Of Personal Service

FIDELITY STATE BANK

CONGRESS AT NINTH

Member
Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

U. S. GOVERNMENT
DEPOSITORY

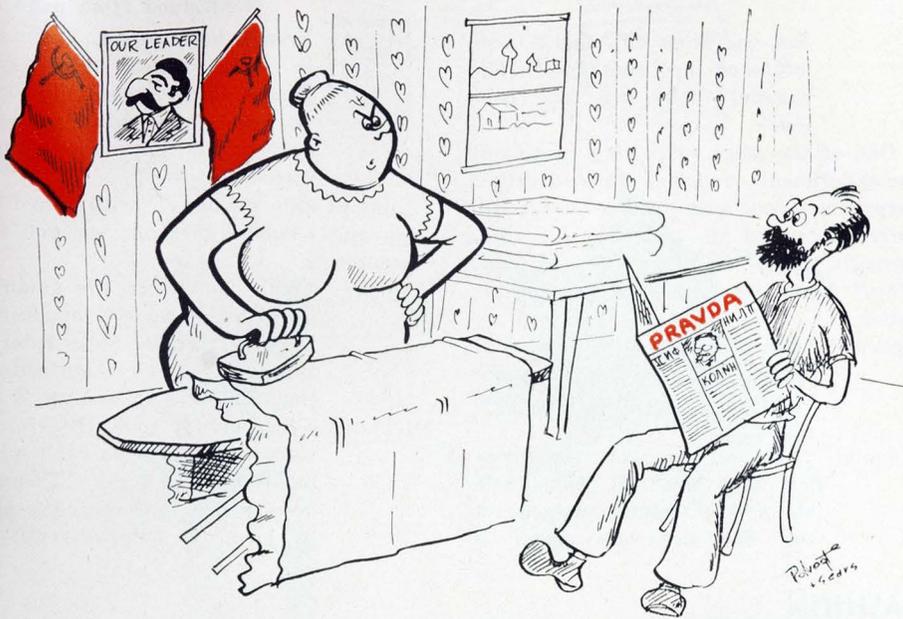
THE TAVERN

WHERE NEW
AND OLD
FRIENDS
MEET.

12th at Lamar

Phone—

2-3620



"Iron curtains . . . iron curtains . . . all day long!"

A student was sitting on the gallery of Little Campus one day recently when a junkman drove by with his rickety horse and wagon.

"Hey, junkman," said the student, "I'll give you one hundred dollars for that horse."

"Sold!" said the junkman, and quickly unhitched his horse from between the shafts, before the student could reconsider, and led him over to where the student was standing.

As the junkman offered the halter, the student suddenly said, "I'll give you another fifty if you'll take that horse upstairs to my room."

"Okay," said the junkman, but less eagerly than before.

He had started to lead the horse toward the dormitory entrance when the student ran after him and said, "Another fifty if you'll take that horse into the upstairs shower and shoot him!"

The junkman halted uncertainly and then said, "All right, mister, I'll take this horse upstairs and shoot him in the shower, but before I do, would you mind telling me *why*?"

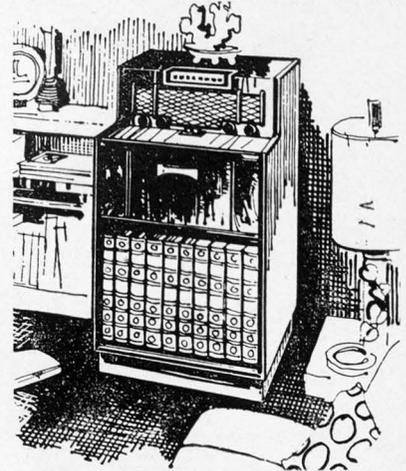
"When my roommate comes in this afternoon and says 'What's new?' I'm going to say 'There's a dead horse in the shower.'"—The Call.

When William Holden appeared at Columbia for wardrobe fittings for his role in the Technicolor film, "The Man From Colorado," the first things which he tried on were a leather frontiersman's fringed jacket and a Stetson hat. Much to his surprise they proved to be the same that he had worn in "Texas" when he starred in that picture for Columbia in 1941. And, what's more, they both fit him.

HAVOC'S RECORDS

June Havoc, whose best screen role to date is a co-starring stint with Alan Ladd in Paramount's "One Woman," has a collection of over 5,000 classical records. But she can play only one instrument, the harmonica.

Christmas Savings of \$30 In a Radio-Phonograph



Complete home entertainment in Motorola's NEW furniture styled Radio-Phonograph . . . radar-type FM tuner, floating action record changer . . . good looking and wonderful listening.

Regular price \$159.50
NOW \$129.50

KING'S RADIO & APPLIANCES

Quick Pickup and Delivery
on Radio Repair
506 Lamar Blvd. Ph. 2-4859

THREE GOOD REASONS

WHY SPANISH VILLAGE NO. 1 IS AUSTIN'S LEADER
IN MEXICAN FOOD:

DUNCAN HINES
GOURMET
COURTING AMERICA

ALL RECOMMEND IT. OUR FOOD MUST BE GOOD.

We cater to parties

Call

8-1888

for Reservations

Spanish Village No. 1

802 RED RIVER

Its More Fun . . .



When
You
Dance
Well!

LEARN THE NEW STEPS

Adult ballroom classes 8-9 p.m.
Monday and Thursday.

Private lessons by appointment.

Two for One Rates Prevail.

ANNETTE DUVAL

DANCE STUDIO

Ph. 8-3951

10th & Congress

HARRIS WAYSIDE INN

on Barton Springs Road
1 Block West of Lamar

☆ ☆ ☆

GOOD FOOD

well served

at moderate prices

☆ ☆ ☆

MUSIC: JUST PRESSED

See, one drops off—that's three left—and now another off. The parallel fifths are nice here too."

One of the more surprising results of the experiment—and they were all rather surprising—was when controversial Bill Harris mounted his trombone for rides through "Bijou" and "She's Funny That Way." Again we reproduce the conversation:

Ogden: "Nice little piece ("Bijou") within its context. Harris tries to break away from the usual attacks."

Mennini: "Lots of symphony trombonists try that, Bill. That little 'dah, dah' effect—instead of the old 'dot, dot'—gives a

(Continued from page 35)

French horn sound. Yeah, this is fairly common among symphony men, especially the younger ones, but they do it better. His phrasing is nice, rather melodic."

But of "She's Funny," with Flip Phillips and Chubby Jackson, we got this response:

Ogden: "Well, we've run the gamut—a history of modern jazz in two hours! (Harris' horn enters.) What's this? It's so out-of-tune that it's hard to analyze."

Mennini: "Very muddy tone. His vibrato is so wide that you can't quite tell if he is in tune . . . maybe he wants it that way. It's nice to have a definite style—to

FASHION

(Continued from page 24)



AT HOME, you can tantalize the peasantry in this black net strapless formal with ruffled stole. Yarings. Walk next door to Marie Antoinette for the black lace fan.



"Bill" Yates

"Now Miss Saxon, let's go through it just one more time . . . Ich lege, du legst, er legt . . ."

sound different—but not when it approaches ineptness. Now a man could walk down the street with his pants unzipped—that would be different, no doubt. But it would also be revolting."

Next to Ellington the second most interesting work to the men was Stan Kenton's. His "Monotony" prompted them to say that Kenton was after and usually obtained sensationalism. This particular work, thought the professors, seemed closely patterned after Ravel's "Bolero," using the increasing dynamics and same basic form as the bolero. Mr. Mennini admired the brass writing of arranger Pete Rugolo (once a student of Milhaud), and said the brass section was impressive.

Both men thought the "Fugue for Rhythm Section" was marred, at least in fugual concept, by the steady beat of the maracas, and that the first piano solo somewhat broke the continuity, but at the same time provided a South American flavor.

Boyd Raeburn proved the greatest disappointment to our subjects. His "Over the Rainbow," they agreed, was filled with all the trite figures and obvious clichés in the book, the ridiculousness of which caused Mr. Ogden to compare Raeburn with a "sophisticated Spike Jones."

The work of Dizzy Gillespie left the two men completely cold. Or rather, they couldn't find anything in it much different from, say, Dixieland with the exception of a few new ideas of comparatively small importance. His "Minor Walk" was received with a bit more enthusiasm than "Fifty-second Street Theme." Said Ogden: "This no doubt has some sort of effect on people. But he seems to capitalize on dissonance without knowing too well where to put it." Said Mennini: "No wonder boppers go out of their minds!"

Music in general, say our consultants, shows a decided influence of Latin-American flavor as well as French impressionism. In many instances, modern jazz seems to be influenced by modern classics, but as far as its being as sound as the classics, well, the time just hasn't come yet.

—JOHN BUSTIN

Duke Ellington, Mood Ellington (Columbia C-164)

Boyd Raeburn, Innovations (Jewel D-1)

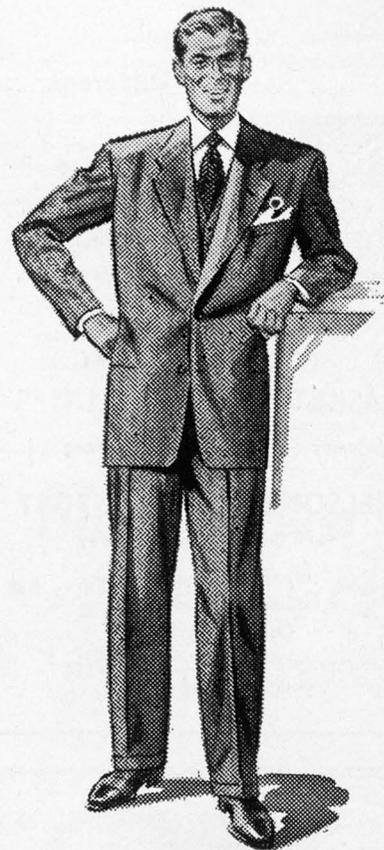
Stan Kenton, Progressive Jazz (Capitol CD-79)

Dizzy Gillespie, New 52nd Street Jazz (Victor HJ-9)

Dizzy Gillespie, "Minor Walk" (Victor 20-3186)

Woody Herman, "Bijou" (Columbia 36861)
Bill Harris, Bill Harris-Chubby Jackson (Key-note 123)

Fit For You!



—Fitted to your own individual proportions, taste, and pocketbook.



finest imported & domestic woolsens.

LOUIS N. ROSE

FORMERLY

SCHWARTZ TAILORS

609 BRAZOS

INDIAN AND MEXICAN ARTS
AND CRAFTS

GIFTS . . .

that are

Distinctive

and

Different



handmade sterling silver,
hand carved purses
and belts, billfolds.

THE UNUSUAL IN INDIAN
AND MEXICAN POTTERY
BASKETS AND NOVELTIES

We carry a complete line of piecegoods.

NELSON'S TRADING POST

4612 San Antonio Highway

Open Sundays 2 to 6

Closed on Mondays

Other Days 9 to 6

OPEN EVENINGS THE WEEK
BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



"Stop reading over my shoulder!"

THE LOOK

I

THE snow-capped peaks turned bright silver as the evening sun slowly settled down for its tranquil sleep. Norma looked at David with a look that only David understood. The birds and little animals had settled down for the night and the valley was resounding with silence. David looked at Norma with a look that only Norma understood. The moon was coming up from behind the tall, gently-swaying pines, and the lake was a limpid pool of sparkling splendor with its gay waves lightly crossing the shaft of moonlight coming through the gently-swaying pines. Norma and David looked at each other with a look that only they understood.

All the years they had been together had not dimmed the love light that glowed in the eyes of Norma and David as they sat together in the gathering dusk.

Norma spoke. "Nice and cool, isn't it, David?"

David's mind was out tripping gaily through the pines and lounging by the softly babbling brooks.

David spoke. "Nice and cool, isn't it, Norma?"

Norma's thoughts were elsewhere,



Christmas Means Music

. . . and you'll find music for everybody at J. R. Reed's. Here your gift choice ranges from a small harmonica to a magnificent Magnavox radio-phonograph . . . from records and Christmas sheet music to a lovely new Steinway piano.

J. R. REED
Music Company

805 Congress



Rowland Wilson

"A glorious demonstration, comrade!"



dashing over the flowery fields and skipping along the mossy river banks.

II

DAVID took a long draw on his trusty old yellowbowl and said, "Our love is as great as yon mountain and as deep as yonder sea. This love of ours knows no boundaries. It's bigger than the whole universe."

Norma swayed gently in the hammock and replied, "Our hearts are as one, our love is endless and undying. Ours is a love stronger than the strongest of nature's countless phenomena."

They sat there gazing into each other's eyes with a look that only they understood.

III

NORMA'S eyes were full of happiness and her young heart was fairly bursting with joy. Her teeth chattered with excitement. Her arms tingled with anticipated pleasure. She looked into David's eyes and murmured, "What with

this being leap year and all, why don't we get married?"

David's eyes were bright with the light of love and his young heart pumped with sheer joy. He looked into Norma's eyes and whispered, "What about my wife and six children?"

With clear, cool eyes, Norma looked at David and said, "How about pushing the missus off one of those silver snow-capped peaks, and sinking the kids in that limpid pool of sparkling splendor with its gay waves lightly crossing the shaft of moonlight?"

David looked at Norma with a look that only Norma understood, and Norma looked at David with a look that only David understood.

—George Warmack

MILLAND A DEVIL

Ray Milland, who proved his thespian talent in "The Lost Week-end," plays the devil incarnate in Paramount's "Strange Temptation" and wears the same suit and hat throughout the film.

The place that's different
for food that's better.

BLUE WILLOW

University and town people alike enjoy the excellent food and quiet comfort in our dining room. They drop in for lunch or for good coffee and light things in the afternoon. And when they want a really fine meal, they make reservations for dinner so we can prepare the food they like. Groups, clubs, and special parties up to sixty return again and again, because they like us and our ability to please.

Blue Willow

29th & Rio Grande

8-5992

CLOSED ON SUNDAY



YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL ADD TO THE HOLIDAY CHEER... GATHERED AT P-K IN THE EVENINGS OR BEFORE AND AFTER PARTIES.

On 7th Street across from the Driskill Hotel and next to the Stephen F. Austin

Under the management of TOM BARNETT

The P-K Grill

STAYS OPEN ALL NIGHT!

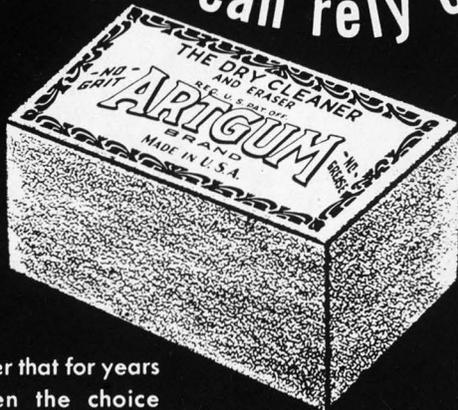


WHICH COVER PICTURE WOULD YOU HAVE CHOSEN?

Posing Alicia Wiggs in a lush fur coat, Alice King and Floyd Wade snapped more than thirty pictures of her on the front porch of her boarding house. From this group, four pictures (two by each photographer) were selected as possible cover shots. The editor (in an unbiased moment) chose one of his own prints to go on the cover. Do you agree? If not, run for Ranger editor in the spring election.

The cover picture was shot with a Rolleiflex camera through a cut glass window at Wooten Hall while Alicia reposed on a radiator.

YOU TOO can rely on



the eraser that for years has been the choice of leading architects, artists, teachers and draftsmen!

QUICK on the pick-up
CLEAN on the job
CAREFUL to prevent paper abrasion

only the genuine bears the trademark

ARIGUM
BRAND

THE ROSENTHAL CO., New York City, U. S. A.
Also Goodyear Brand Rubber and Soap Erasers

QUESTIONS

- A** My clues: a white mitten, two cartons of cheer;
I'm held while I hold, and I warm you all year.
- B** Socked in the green and partly concealed,
My last five of twelve is a meadow revealed.
- C** At Christmas time a famous slogan with
central word revised,
I emphasize the pleasure of giving a gift
that satisfies.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

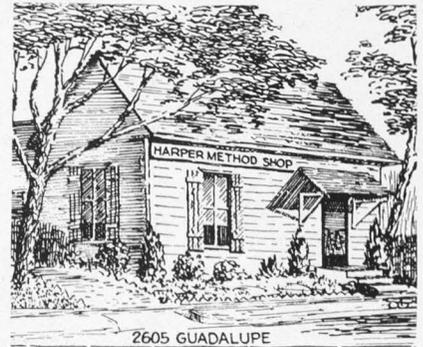
A The field of red is the red scarf which Tyrone Power is wearing. On it one can recognize the mask of tragedy, the classic mask of Thespis. So the answer is **TYRONE POWER'S SCARF.**

B The shamrock and the blarney stone are symbols of "**THE LUCK OF THE IRISH.**"

C Ten to the sixth (power) equals 1,000,000 (one million). Ten to the zero equals 1 (one). **ANSWER: Chesterfields satisfy millions, they'll satisfy you.**

WINNERS...

M. C. Bradford, Jr., Reed Collin, Donald Williams, George Blackwood, Clifton Carnei, Dean Dunlap, R. J. Frazier, M. J. Fruquette, Jr., James Jordon, Robert L. Donalson.



HARPER METHOD

Corrective treatments will give your hair and scalp new life and sheen.

EUGENE RADAR
PERMANENT WAVES

The kind of curl you wish you were born with.

HARPER METHOD SHOP

2605
Guadalupe

Phone
2-0737



AT

Kapel's

DELICIOUS FOOD
SPECIALTIES

- Kosher Corned Beef
 - Kosher Pastami
 - Chopped Liver
 - Cheese Blintzes
 - Herring in Wine or Creame Sauce
- Roast Long Island Duck
 - Fine Imported Cheese
 - Roast Turkey
 - Cheese Cake

AND A HOST OF OTHER ITEMS
TO TICKLE THE PALATE

Kapel's

DELICATESSEN & RESTAURANT

133 E. 6th

Phone 9690

JOIN THE
GANG
AT



VARSIITY
INN

friendly student
atmosphere

6208
DALLAS HIGHWAY

Phone
2-0477

for reservations



THE ANSWER TO YOUR
LAUNDRY PROBLEM

Just leave your laundry with us and be on your merry way. We will put it into one of our automatic washers—have it ready for you when you return.

9 lb. wash—30 min..... 30c
9 lb. wash & dry—90 min..... 55c

MOORE'S
LAUNDRETTE

2706 GUAD.

8-8701

ON the other hand, if you like poetry, read one by James Turpin (*Statistics on Love*) and four by Jane Harkrider.

● *statistics on love*

between the bars
of the population pyramid graph
(figures from the U.S. Bureau of the
Census
compilation of 1940)
I languishingly stare, my love,
at you and sigh
across incredible amounts of time
(Recent, Pleistocene, Pliocene, Miocene,
Oligocene,
Eocene, Paleocene—courtesy *AN IN-
TRODUCTION TO GEOLOGY*)
while earth gave straining birth
to mountain chains
that crumbled with the rain
to seek the ancient seas
(see *Isostatic Theory*, p. 47)
we, ego alter ego,
came from transient hunting groups
that pressure flaked the Folsom point,
hunted the mighty bison
were succeeded by invading hordes
from Asia by the Bering Straits
and those in shining breastplates from
across

the recent seas,
now live (or just exist)
in equal dimensions of space
and time
(I being three years older)
and love

on one side of the graph
are percentage figures of females
in five year age groups,
on the other side
the males . . .
superimposed
upon other graphs
the pattern is quite interesting
comparatively speaking
at is were

strange and transient
world and living
this
and death

● *what then?*

Far-sighted movie producers
Stay well ahead of their time
And 1950's musicals
Are made in '49.

Now on a certain Hollywood lot
Where everything is up to date,
Tragedy is soon to strike;
I sadly mourn their fate.

When the year 2000 catches them
Just think of the pitiful paradox:
A Twenty-first Century picture show
By Twentieth Century-Fox!

● *faulty recall*

Students of the human mind
offer the theory
That every man has perfect retention
But faulty recall.

The black and yellow design
On a butterfly's wings you have seen,
The shock of the first
Deliberate unkindness,
All the lies you have told.

The brain finds a tiny crevasse
For each,
And hugs them all tightly to itself.

We must forget
And lose the butterfly wings.
That is too bad
But no man can let his brain
lie naked and smooth,
Sending back messages of cheating and
despair.

● *comparative analysis*

Snowbound is nice
But fogbound is bad.
Snow is something to fight.
It has taste
And a feel
And fills up a shovel.
Snow is a question with an answer.
The water of melted snow
Quenches the thirst.

But fogbound is bad.
Fog is an everywhere darkness
With no corners.
Fog is a no place to put the foot down.
A sitting still and trembling
With wild whispers wrapping a turban
around the brain.
Dreams half-formed
Swim together with today's unhappiness
And pour out the fog.
Fog is insanity knocking.

● *high adventure*

The two-decker correspondence basket
On the desk of a secretary,
Who makes 2400 dollars
In 52 weeks,
Has pasted labels.

The top deck says Outgoing Mail,
Which is prosaic enough,
But the bottom deck's label
Adds a glitter to her character
For it is named Suspense File.

*"I'm so.0.0
busy...
why don't
you take
your list*



*to the
Texas
Book
Store?"*

Sock 'em with a Load of Good Cheer



Give 'em by the Carton!

Give 'em to everyone who smokes—the family, the neighbors, your friends—everyone who's been good to you all year. Chesterfields are the best tip I can give you at Christmas time or any time. When you give Chesterfields you sock 'em with a load of good cheer.

*Merry Christmas Everybody
Arthur Godfrey*

ABC *Always Buy* **CHESTERFIELD**